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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 123,000.

VOLUME LIV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1886. NUMBER 38.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

A CHILD.

BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

With Heaven's light,
And glory gleams,
A block as fair
As angel's dreams.

The Master's gift,
Of marble fair
To sculptor's hand
For carvings rare.

O immost thought
Of spirit sense,
Give us thy skill
For recompense.

Fine as the tool
The gravers hold,
To write thy will,
On heart of gold.

That we may yield
Thee back more fair
Than angels' dreams
The marble rare.

ELDER BLOOM—A REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. D. S. ERSKINE.

The faint peculiar odor steals
With potent spell o'er senses o'er,
The creamy plumes a charm reveals,
As blossoms never did before.
Like wine, it stirs
My heart to throbbing,
The while I drink
To end in sobbing.
For a secret soul has the elder bloom,
And a mem'ry of death its strange perfume.

Oh! beautiful, witch-like elder bloom,
Will I forget where I learned thy power
That softened even the grave's deep gloom,
And whispered hope in a dreary hour.
The world was grand,
When love seemed true,
And my heart was full
Of love and you.
But the love was dead in a summer hour,
And the fragrance fled from the cherished flower.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Again I dream of a festal eve,
When o'er my heart's most lonely gloom,
A ray of light, in a message breathe
From a bunch of grape and elder bloom.
Could I believe
The story true,
This time a rose
Has vouched for you.
I kept them both and the charm was ours,
And elder blooms were bridal flowers.

LAWRENCE, Kan.

Our Story Teller.

THE LOST VOICE.

BY FRANCES COURTNEY TAYLOR.

It was 11 o'clock a. m. and the village of Slumborough was about to receive its daily shock from the world's great electric battery, after which it would relapse into its usual state of torpor. In other words, the mid-day train was about to come in, the one that brought the mails, and the few passengers that came; the only one, to all intents and purposes, for Slumborough was only a mile of straggling houses set on a branch road of the great Massamitton and Midland railway, and its honest inhabitants were not disturbed unless the whistle of the night express "flyer" roused them from their bucolic dreams.

The two gentlemen who lived in the neighborhood had driven over to get the mail and were waiting for it in their buggies; the farmers had tied their lank horses to the fence and gone into the small house pinned on an open platform that served at once as store, postoffice and station; the usual crowd of idle negroes who never missed a train, not even during harvest, had assembled. And now what come rattling along the cross-road but a modest "rockaway." It contained three ladies and a unique coachman, the person of a little colored girl of about twelve, who was dressed in pink calico, and as to her extremities, was barefooted, and wore a black straw hat from beneath which a wilderness of short plaits trickled in the most comical fashion. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Where are you going?" called out one of the ladies in the alarmed tone as they crossed the track.

"Don't you hear the whistle? Go on!" shouted another in a resolute, authoritative voice.

"Goodness gracious alive! She will kill us all yet!" exclaimed the third, but for all answer Florinda, who had solved in her own person the woman's rights problem of knowing what she was doing and going straight ahead and doing it, and who, in spite of her age and sex was an accomplished Jehu, drove safely and cleverly around to the back of the station and stopped where the ladies could get out on the platform with ease. Bolting her impatient prottridge eyes around at her mistress she said reprovingly: "Miss 'Stasia, I se a driving!" and without further comment the process of disembarcation began.

It was a process, for all three ladies were old and more or less difficult to extract from the small carriage, but Florinda was equal to the occasion. It was worth while to see her guide Miss Anastasia's foot to the step, seize her hand and hand her safely, then put up a parasol for her and leave her to go back and fairly pull out Miss Elizabeth, who weighed two hundred.

There was still the Kinsella Roberta, who, yet safely in the direction of mother's head and cried out: "He'll start, or back, or do something! I know he will! Go to the beast, Florinda, hold him!"

Demosthenes could not have convinced Miss Roberta that there was no danger, for she had a mortal dread of horseflesh and was a bundle of nerves. Florinda didn't try. She simply put one long, firm arm around the lady's waist and brought her out within three feet of her sisters with one determined sweep, collected in the shawls and parcels and they had brought, bounced back like a ball into the carriage, turned it sharp around, escaping the wheels of a wood wagon by about an inch, bounced out again, knotted the reins, hitched the horses and rejoined her companions.

She found them squabbling mildly as to who should kiss Roberta, who was going to visit an aunt in Ohio, should buy a return ticket or not, and being accustomed to making up their minds for them decided in the negative. She then bounced up to the agent with Miss Anastasia's pocket book in her hand, brought the necessary bit of paper and bounced back to Miss Roberta, paper and pocket book in hand. "Now you see for yourself you showin', Miss Berta. Look sharp 'bout it. If you lose it you'll be put off de train mighty quick, I tell you," a caution which so impressed Miss Roberta that she immediately buttoned it up in the bosom of her dress. Florinda was then off to see about the trunk, and presently returned with the check for it. An impressive roll of her peculiar eyes and a warning "Widout dis piece ev perservin' kittle you neber see dat new black dress ev your'n agin long ez you live, Miss Roberta, dat's shore!" sent the precious piece of brass to keep company with the ticket.

The train now rolled in, and the three old ladies who were devoted to each other and had never been separated for a month in all their lives, consumed so much time in farewells and embraces and cautions that, after all, there would have been no immediate necessity for anything of the kind, as Miss Roberta would have missed her train had not the sharp and practical Florinda been at the helm. It was she who called out, rather disrespectfully it must be confessed, "Stop dat foolishness! Don't yer see you gwine be left whisperatin' en circumferatin' right heare! and not content with mere words pushed Miss Roberta bodily in the direction of the ladies' car and got her on board. On the platform, even that lady paused to say: "Sister, dear, be sure to feel my Bonen"— This sentence, if it had been finished, would have had "ducks" in it, but it wasn't. The train started, and with a convulsive lurch or two, Miss Roberta disappeared into the protruding eyes around at her mistress she said reprovingly: "Miss 'Stasia, I se a driving!" and without further comment the process of disembarcation began.

Attracted by the situation Miss Roberta continued to watch him, at first with smiling approval and then, as cake followed cake, and apples, oranges, figs followed the cakes, with decided disapproval. At last she determined to interfere, and in a loud voice addressed the sleepy parent. "Madam," she said, "I apologize for disturbing you, but I think you cannot be aware of the excesses your little charge is committing." She got no answer from the child's mother and dashed, flushed with indignation. Another look—the spectacle fascinated her—showed her, the boy making havoc of a thick section of fruit-cake. The next time she glanced in that direction it was an apple, then more fruit-cake, and so on until Miss Roberta could no longer bear the sight and made another appeal to the mother, who still dozed away unconscious of her son's gastronomic feats. Finding that her usual gentle tones had no effect on the sleeper, Miss Roberta raised her voice, but even then made no impression. At last she ventured to shake the lady's arm lightly and express her concern about the child. This had the desired effect for the lady sat up and turned a startled, confused glance upon her, followed the direction of her eyes, shook up the child and replaced him in his corner, closed the basket and resumed her interrupted nap without a word. "Well, upon my word!" thought Miss Roberta, indignantly, "here's civility to be sure! I suppose she is angry with me for interfering and so hasn't a word of thanks for me, though it is my belief that I have saved that child's life. But what can I expect in Ohio!" A rooted prejudice against the West and everything it contained was part of Miss Roberta's creed; as it is that of a great many worthy persons who know nothing of the region and people they condemn. A moment later two other ladies occurred that she thought especially characteristic. Taking her collapsion cup in her hand she walked down to the water-cooler at the other end of the car and would have drawn off a glass of water, but that she found planted in front of it a gentleman who helped himself freely three times and then stood there rudely blocking the way and staring out of the window. His back was towards her, but of course, he knew she was there, she argued, as there is nothing about a water-cooler calculated to absorb or enchain the attention of the thirstiest man after he has disposed of a pint of its contents. Miss Roberts coughed. The gentleman did not move, and feeling that good manners were wasted on such a creature, Miss Roberts pushed past him and laid wrathful hands on the spigot. The gentleman looked surprised, bowed, and retired. Miss Roberts slaked her thirst and returned to her seat, or rather the one opposite; but, en route, one of the passengers dropped a satchel at her very feet, which she politely restored, receiving in return what she thought a very cool nod in acknowledgement. "Not so much as 'thank you!' They are worse than I thought, even; rude, odious Hoosiers!" reflected Miss Roberts, ceremoniously. Flushed by the increasing heat, and perhaps by her own anger, she proceeded to put up the window near her and as she looked around she was surprised to catch the eye of a peevish-looking old man who was on the other side, lower down, and seemed to be suffering from face-ache to judge from the amount of handkerchief passed under his chin and knotted on the top of his head. He seemed anything but pleased to find a strong fresh current of air sweeping past him and motioned to her imperiously to put the window down. He waved his hand toward it a second time, and seeing that she had no idea of giving in to his wishes, bounced violently out of his seat and under her very nose seized the sash and brought it down so emphatically that the pane was cracked in half, and that a few pieces of glass fell out on the floor. Such an exhibition of violence and bad temper paralyzed Miss Roberta and subdued her. If he could do this what was he not capable of? so that beyond a "Your conduct amazes me, sir; it is disgraceful! disgraceful!" she made no attempt to assert her rights, and he seemed perfectly indifferent what she thought so long as he got his own way. At least, he made no reply to her indignant little speech, but fell to nursing his swollen cheek again, too absorbed in his woes and the application of a liniment apparently to even look toward her again. Miss Roberta noticed with chagrin that the other passengers had maintained a most apathetic attitude in this fracas. Most of them, indeed, paid no attention to it whatever. Those who were reading did not so much as look up from their books, and on her expressing her views very hotly to the lady immediately behind her that person looked studiously out of the window, as though holding herself aloof from a vulgar disturbance, not committing herself by so much as a single phrase either of sympathy or condemnation. This annoyed Miss Roberta extremely. "Just as if I were in fault! The idea of their not taking the least notice of such scandalous treatment of a lady! Why, in Virginia he would almost have been put off the train, I'm sure! It is so exactly what I should have expected of the West," thought she, as she stiffened perceptibly and leaned back in her corner.

So little breeze sifted in through the window that Miss Roberta was uncomfortable enough, and seeing that a lady opposite (who looked up from some knitting just then and smiled pleasantly on meeting her gaze), had two palmetto fans lying by her, unused. Miss Roberts forgot her wounded dignity and asked for the loan of one.

The lady ignored her request calmly, and with her portmanteau and shawl improvised a couch and laid down.

"Well, I do think these people are brazen!" thought Miss Roberta. "Keep your old fan, then! I'll be burnt to a cinder rather than take it now, if you offered it. What would Sister Anastasia and Sister Elizabeth think of you?" She sternly determined to have nothing more to do with them. "I've often been told that Northern people were not demonstrative and cordial in manners, and that in travelling especially they were apt to put one on their guard against strangers and very reserved, but I had no idea they were so quiet and formal and hateful," mused she, judging of them entirely by her recent experiences and drawing the most sweeping conclusions.

Five minutes later she again forgot her anger, for the train crawled boldly away to the right and came upon a beautiful river, on the banks of which she caught a glimpse of a large building with tall towers and an extensive facade. Anxious for a better view she crossed over to a seat occupied by a richly dressed old lady, who was sitting alone, and with every apology begged to be allowed to look out of her window for a moment. The woman did not heed her apparently, and she walked with swift impatience further down and made the same request to a young man yawning over his newspaper. The same silence met her eager, hurried speech, and she saw the passengers gazing at her curiously across the way. Utterly confounded she walked rapidly back to her seat, thoroughly perplexed and seeking in her own mind for some explanation of such strange behavior. Her head whirled with the rush of thoughts. Where was she? What did it mean? How was it that no answered a single remark of hers from first to last? What did this stillness mean? Something sinister! Had she really spoken out loud, or only fancied that she had? Like a flash all this came, and more. She remembered that the doctor who had attended her the winter before in a severe attack of bronchitis had said that unless she was very careful she might lose her voice, and at once she felt sure that this was it. Her voice was gone? But how could she be sure after all? She would put it to the test by giving a loud call and watching the effect. By this time she was verging to another the highest pitch of nervous exaltation and she bit a white as her handkerchief. She sat still, her hands clenched in her lap, and proceeded to put her ideas into execution. First she gave a little shriek, then louder, *louder*, LOUDER! Her eyes were fixed intently on the face of the passengers, not one of whom stirred hair or foot or noticed her in the least. Trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffocation, Miss Roberta yelled out in a frantic, despairing way: "Can't you hear me? O-o-o-oh!" and, having her worst suspicions realized by the dead silence around her, she tore wildly at her bonnet, dashed off her mantle and gave such violent expression to her grief and fright that two gentlemen rushed forward and, seizing her, forced her back into her seat, from which she had arisen. This did not tend to compose her, nor did the alarmed faces of the passengers, nor the fact that when she turned to the man who clutched her right arm so savagely and made a last appeal to him he only shook his head and began to talk to her on the fingers of his right hand His companion did the same and she saw several of the others at it. There was no longer any doubt in her mind. Her voice was gone! Or was it her hearing, or her senses? In an hysterical frenzy she broke away from her captors, raced down to the other end of the car, scrambled up on a seat and rang the bell-cord attached to the engine. The two gentlemen gave chase, recaptured her, and, after a struggle, in which Miss Roberta gave a lively account of herself, dragged her down on the floor. The whole car was in commotion. The train stopped. A severe-looking conductor and an elderly gentleman hurried in to find Miss Roberta in hysterics and her fellow-passengers in an almost equal state of excitement.

When the heroine of this adventure could do so she sobbed out, "*You hear me?* You are *sure* you hear me? And I hear you! Thank Heaven! O! thank Heaven!" Copious tears followed, and then, "Then what is the matter with these people. Are they dead, or crazy, or what?" Explanations followed. The car was a special one, in which the inmates of the Hitchcock deaf and dumb asylum were being conveyed to a new building, awaiting their occupancy in another part of the state. Miss Roberta had been put into it by mistake, arriving as she did at the last moment in the wake of the specials." They had been quite as much alarmed by her conduct as she had been by theirs, fancying that she had gone out of her mind. Many were the apologies of the kind-hearted superintendent, who had been taking his ease in the next car; stern and gruff the comments of the disgusted conductor, who removed a meekly penitent, much-disheveled spinster promptly to the very last coach of the train, where he mounted guard over her as a dangerous character from whom another outbreak was to be expected at any moment; endless the telegraphing between her late fellow-passengers; immense the relief of Miss Roberta when, a little later, she fell exhausted on the friendly bosom of an affectionate aunt; thrilling the account she gave afterward of what she had thought, felt and suffered through that awful journey. "I spected to hear of some skeery foolishness or udder when Miss Roberta emanated out er dis here house to go ramblin' and scramblin' 'bout de world widout some 'sponsible person like me to take care of her," was Florinda's characteristic comment on the episode when she heard of it.

Not Seasick a Bit.

"Well, Dollie, how did you enjoy the voyage to Europe? Were you seasick?"

"Not the least bit, grandpa, but I frowed up awfully the first free days."

Humor.

A NEW WAR STORY.

A Good-Natured Lieutenant Takes Medicine for a Wicked Captain.

During the war about twenty Confederate prisoners were left at Fort McHenry, stored away in a fodder loft under guard. One morning Capt. Ned Bridges was playing an innocent game of cards when the sick call was sounded—the signal for ailing soldiers to report to the surgeon's office and be examined.

"Lieutenant," said Capt. Bridges, turning to a young soldier, "answer sick call for me, and let us finish this game. Go down there and personate me, and tell the doctor I want another box of his liver pills."

The obliging lieutenant marched out and proceeded with other soldiers, under the escort of the guards, to the surgeon's office. When the name of Capt. Bridges was called, the lieutenant's face appeared at the little window.

"Doctor," he began, "them pills you give me helped me up considerably, but I want another box. I think another box will fix me up all right."

"Didn't them pills cure you?" asked the doctor abruptly, looking over his spectacles at the bogus Bridges.

"No; but another box will fix me, I think."

"Well, well," said the doctor, half to himself, "I'll have to change the treatment on you."

Thereupon he picked up a graduating glass, and from various bottles mixed the most infernal mess that mortals ever saw.

The lieutenant shuddered.

When the villainous compound was made up the doctor stirred it vigorously and viciously, and handing it out said:

"Drink that."

The lieutenant took hold of the glass. Cold chills ran up and down his spine.

"Doctor," he stammered. "I'd—I'd er heap ruther take the pills."

"Drink it!" stormed the doctor, and in the excitement the medicine went down the lieutenant's throat.

When the lieutenant returned to the fodder loft he was very glum. When the game of cards grew monotonous Capt. Bridges turned and asked:

"Lieutenant, git them pills?"

"Naw!"

"Well," said the captain, "you needn't be so snappish about it. What did the doctor say?"

"He said he was going to change the treatment on you, and if you don't get well it ain't my fault, for I've taken the nastiest dose for you that I ever saw!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THAT BAD MAN FROM KOKOMO.

He Asked All Up to Drink, but Some Would Not Acquiesce.

He was a bad man from Kokomo, or at least he said he was, and some of the people in a State street dance hall believed him. He of a rough, shaggy and uncouth appearance, with one eye and several fingers gone, and an ugly-looking scar across his face, he certainly looked the unterrified monster that he portrayed as he stood with his back to the bar and a huge forty-four in his hand.

"Come up and drink!" he shouted with a voice resembling the roar of a mountain lion. "I am Wild Bill of the Rockies, and everybody drinks with me."

A few of the more timid accepted the invitation as if under protest, but the larger portion of old timers gazed on the specimen with considerable curiosity and some amusement.

"Come up and drink, I say," roared the human brute, as he noticed the unmoved figures standing near. Then as the audience were quietly watching to see what the awful man would do, a quiet little policeman stepped up, and placing one hand on the gun and the other on his shoulder said: "I'll take you, and you, too." A remarkable change at once came over the "terror;" the gun slipped from his nerveless hand into that of the officer, and he walked off in company with his captor to the lockup like a lamb to the slaughter. On Monday he will face the terrors of the law, and will probably be fined for carrying weapons.—*Leadville Herald.*

A Mining Anecdote.

It is safe to say that three-fourths of those who deal in mining stocks through the medium of the boards never saw a mine, and less than one-half have any knowledge of how a mine is worked. That people should make serious mistakes in their speculations through ignorance of these matters is not to be wondered at.

Perhaps the greatest blunder on record was made by a gentleman of decided Teutonic origin, who visited my office one day and asked: "What's dot blank." "Haf dey struck dot vinze?" "What winze do you refer to?" said I. "Dot vinze in der Conion Consolidated mine," was the ready response. "There's no winze in the Union Consolidated mine that they are likely to strike at present," I answered, and then thinking the man might be a little confused in his mining knowledge, I asked: "What do you mean by a winze?" What do you suppose a winze is?" "A vinze?" he shouted with a knowing smile, "oh, a vinze is a body of ore." "No, it isn't," said I, and taking a pencil, I drew him a little sketch of a winze, and explained to him that it was a small shaft sunk from one level to another, generally for the purpose of ventilation.

"Ie dot a vinze?" he fairly yelled, in the most astonished manner; "den, by gracious, I lose me tousands and tousands of dollars on does vinzes. Every dime I see dey have started a vinze, or schtruck a vinze, I buy der schtocks, and every dime dey go down right away. It always was a wonder to me why dis I lossed. I trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffocation, Miss Roberta yelled out in a frantic, despairing way: "Can't you hear me? O-o-o-oh!" and, having her worst suspicions realized by the dead silence around her, she tore wildly at her bonnet, dashed off her mantle and gave such violent expression to her grief and fright that two gentlemen rushed forward and, seizing her, forced her back into her seat, from which she had arisen. This did not tend to compose her, nor did the alarmed faces of the passengers, nor the fact that when she turned to the man who clutched her right arm so savagely and made a last appeal to him he only shook his head and began to talk to her on the fingers of his right hand His companion did the same and she saw several of the others at it There was no longer any doubt in her mind. Her voice was gone! Or was it her hearing, or her senses? In an hysterical frenzy she broke away from her captors, raced down to the other end of the car, scrambled up on a seat and rang the bell-cord attached to the engine. The two gentlemen gave chase, recaptured her, and, after a struggle, in which Miss Roberta gave a lively account of herself, dragged her down on the floor. The whole car was in commotion. The train stopped. A severe-looking conductor and an elderly gentleman hurried in to find Miss Roberta in hysterics and her fellow-passengers in an almost equal state of excitement.

What will Become of the Baby?

Young matron (with theories on care of children, to nurse): Jane?

Nurse: Yessum.

Young matron: When the baby has finished its bottle, lay him in the cradle on his right side. After the baby, a child should always lie on the right side; that relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (reflectively), the liver is on the right side—perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on the left side. No, I am sure the treatise on infant digestion said right side. On the whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on his back until I have looked into the matter more thoroughly.

One on Cleveland.

A party of red-nosed would-be Democratic office-holders were standing this morning at the postoffice corners drinking beer and condemning civil service reform, when a Republican came sailing by, and casting an ironical glance at the group said:

"Say, why is the earthquake different from Pres. Cleveland?"

"Give it up."

"Because it shook the office-seekers and he can't."

And he dodged just in time to miss a glass hurled at him.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Commercial Transaction.

First Bootblack—Billy, how would you like to go into partnership with me?

Second Ditto—Yes, sir, we'll begin now.

"Very well. Run over to the corner and get two boxes of blacking."

"Where's the money?"

"Money! Why, I could get it myself with money. I reckon I'll dissolve this partnership. You are no help to me."

A Western Fashion.

"Mamma," said Miss Penelope Waloo, of Boston, "I don't like this Mr. Breezy from the West, whom we met last night. He is extremely uncouth."

"How?" inquired the old lady.

"We were discussing horseback riding, and he said that he rarely used the saddle, and rode bareback on almost all occasions. Of course one can dispense with a saddle if he wishes, but for anybody to ride about in his bare back is unnecessarily Western."

And the old lady thought so, too.—*New York Times.*

Little Johnny Teaches His Mother Something New.

"Johnny, I thought you told me the kettle wasn't boiling and it's nearly boiled dry."

"Mother, I told you the truth. You asked me if the kettle was bilin', and I said 'no,' because it wasn't.

"Why, Johnny! How dare you tell me such a story?"

"I didn't tell you any story, mother—the kettle wasn't bilin', and isn't bilin' yit; it's the water in the kettle that's bilin'. Mother, you should learn to speak proper."

BENNY ON OLD MAIDS.

A Small Boy Expresses His Opinion Upon the Species.

Old maids is curious folks. Ma's sister, Aunt Hannah is an old maid, and pa sez ma would have been one too for all of him, if he hadn't been so all-fired green when he was young. I heard pa tell Uncle Dan so one day, after ma had been blowing pa up 'cause he wouldn't take her over to Gooseville to a picnic, and Uncle Dan looked sad and sed he knowed how it was himself.

But Aunt Hannah is the darndest old maid I ever did see. She's visitin' at our house now, and I'm afraid she'll stay all summer. Pa sez he'd be perfectly happy if some old bald-headed mormon would come along and marry Aunt Hannah, and take her off his hands. And I guess it would make her perfectly happy, too, 'cause she wants to get married ortul; she's after old Daddie Platt like everything. He's most 90 years old, and stays in bed most of the time; he's orful cross, and he don't know much—got softnin' of the brain or something; but Aunt Hannah don't mind that. She'd marry Methuselah if he was livin', and he mighty glad to get him.

The last time Aunt Hannah went to call on Daddie Platt, I went along, 'cause I wanted to see the way she courted him. We went in the afternoon when his folks let him sit up awhile. Aunt Hannah took a seat up close to him, and begun to holler at him, folks have to yell at Daddie Platt 'cause he can't hear very well, and when he does hear he don't understand more than half of what is said.

Well Aunt Hannah poked her false teeth into Daddie Platt's ear, and yelled loud enough to wake the dead: "How do you do to-day, dear Mr. Platt? But I need not ask for I never saw you looking so well."

"Yes, yes," said Daddie Platt, "it's over 40 feet deep. I dug it myself in 1802. Its a crackin' good well, a crackin' good well."

"Oh, Mr. Platt," sez Aunt Hannah, "I do admire an old-fashioned well like yours, a well sweep is so romantic. Don't you love a well sweep?"

"No," sez he, crosser'n a bear. "No we won't sell cheap. If John Henry thinks of sellin' the farm he's an idjet, a blamed idjet! It's a good farm, a crackin' good farm."

"Oh, Mr. Platt," sez Aunt Hannah, sez she, "I hope your son will never think of such a thing. It is such a lovely place, I know I should never grow tired of livin' here."

"No we don't," spoke up Daddie Platt, "we don't give the hired man any beer, and what's more we ain't goin' to; water's a good enough drink for him; water's a crackin' good drink."

"It is indeed," sez Aunt Hannah, "what should we do without water. What a nice sl ower we had last evening. Did you see the lovely rainbow, Mr. Platt?"

"No I hain't," sez Daddie Platt, mighty sharp. "I hain't seen nothin' of your lame beau, and what's more I don't want to. What do you come a whinin' to me about your lame beau for, I don't want to hear another word about your lame beau, and I won't. I want to go to bed. I'm tired, crackin' tired."

That same evenin' after me and Aunt Hannah got home from callin' on Daddie Platt, Miss Perkins, what keeps a milliner shop over in Sheepskin Holler, come to our house to stay all night with Aunt Hannah. Miss Perkins is an old maid, and she ain't married any more than Aunt Hannah is, but she wants to be just as bad.

They slept in the room next mine, and they talked about four hours after they went to bed. The wall is so thin between my room and the one they slept in that I couldn't hearin' every word they said. And such talk as them two old maids talked, I never heard anything like it. First, Aunt Hannah told Miss Perkins how young Squire Brown was carrying on with Deacon Boggs's wife, and then Miss Perkins told Aunt Hannah a long yarn about the way the superintendent of the Gooseville Sunday School acted with that young widder. At the picnic in Jones's grove, and then Aunt Hannah and Miss Perkins both talked at once for an hour about what an old fool Deacon Brown was to go and marry agen so soon after his first wife died. Then they talked a long time about the Wilson girl's misfortune. I didn't understand what they meant very well, but they said that the Wilson girl ought to be ashamed of herself, and that she needn't think she could go anywhere agen, 'cause nobody wouldn't associate with her after what had happened. I thought that was kinder funny 'cause when pa broke his nose last winter when we all fell down cellar, folks said it was a misfortune, and nobody told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and as for goin' anywhere, pa went everywhere he wanted to, he went to the postoffice, and he went to church, and he went to the circus, just the same as he did before his nose got broke.

Miss Perkins stayed to breakfast next mornin', and while we was eatin' I asked her what made folks so down on the Wilson girl on account of her misfortune. Miss Perkins didn't say a word, but her face got orful red and scold Aunt Hannah's. After breakfast I heard Aunt Hannah whisper to Miss Perkins: "I'm afraid Marier, that the little wretch overheard you, would we said, and he's just mean enough to go and tell it, dear him." It made me kinder mad to have Aunt Hannah call me a "little wretch." She don't like me, Aunt Hannah don't. She's been down on me ever since I put black ink into the bottle that she keeps her "Bloom of Youth" in. How was I to know that she would put it on her face, and then come into the parlor when we had company? Of course it made the company laff. They couldn't help it. I laffed some myself. Nobody but a old maid would have got mad, and made a fuss about a little joke like that.

Old maids hain't got half as much sense as old bachelors have. Sometime I'll tell you what I know about old bachelors, but I can't write any more now 'cause Johnnie Miller has come to get me to go with him after polywogs.—*Peck's Sun.*

What Should He Do?

A man whose matrimonial life had been anything but happy in consequence of the quarrelsome habit of his wife, who thus contrived to keep him constantly in hot water with the neighbors, was at last relieved of her company by death. As the widower's means were limited, the funeral was plain, but respectable enough to satisfy any reasonable relative. The brother of the deceased lady, however, was not a reasonable man; and on the return of the mourners to the house he ridiculed the funeral, said that it was mean, undemonstrative, and so quiet that all the neighbors must have considered it niggardly. "Yes, it was rather quiet," rejoined the widower; "but what did you expect? Did you want me to show my submission to the decree of Providence in removing my late lamented spouse by closing the funeral with a display of fireworks? I did think of a cheerful display of some sort, but abandoned the idea because I feared the neighbors might talk about it, and say I was giving too much expression to my feelings."—*Harper's Magazine.*

About the Same.

"Father," he said, as sat on his parent's knee, "have we got lots of money?"

"A pretty fair sum, my boy."

"Did we make it in Canada?"

"In Canada? How could we make it in Canada?"

"That's what I told the Smith boy, but he stuck to it that it was the same as making it in Canada. He said you compromised with the bank for half and was allowed to return. Father, I—"

"You go to bed, sir," exclaimed the indignant father, "and if I ever hear of you playing with that Smith boy again I'll have your hide on the fence."—*Wall Street News.*

The Good Things of Life.

"That's what I call a good dinner," remarked Bobby, as he leaned back in his chair with an air of repletion.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I'm ashamed of you."

The minister, who was dining with the family, laughed heartily.

"Bobby appreciates the good things of life," he said, "like all the rest of us."

"Don't you think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked of the minister.

"Yes, indeed I enjoyed it very much."

Ma said she thought you would, because she didn't suppose you got very much at home."—*New York Sun.*

Double Entry.

"Can any of you tell me," said the teacher, "what system of book-keeping is in operation in our banks?"

"Double entry, sir," said the bright boy of the class.

"Correct: and now can you give me a definition of double entry?"

"Yes, sir: the one entry is for the bank and the other is for the cashier!"

ALMOST PERFECT.

A Remarkable Young Man Totally Devoid of Bad Habits.

"Have you any offspring?" inquired the severe, long-haired passenger, through his nose, of a stranger by his side.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "a son."

"Ah, indeed! Dose he use tobacco?"

"Never touches it in any form."

"I'm glad to hear of that. Tobacco is monstrously sinful. Does he indulge in spirituous liquors?"

"Never tasted a drop in his life."

"Excellent. Stay out nights?"

"No, sir. Never thinks of going out after supper."

"I'm very much pleased to know this, sir. Your son is a remarkable young man."

"Oh, he's not a young man. He's a two months' old baby."—*Life.*

A Conscientious Sabbath-Keeper.

On the bank of a pretty lake in one of our suburban towns there lives a thrifty and pious old fellow who has a boat which he lets for 25 cents a "set." On weekdays the two oars are in a shed near the bank of the lake; on Sundays the boat is pulled up on the bank, and the oars taken out and put in the basement of the house. The old man doesn't let his boat on Sunday, and this is the way he doesn't let it:

One Sunday lately a couple of young men came to the old man's residence. He was moving about the yard with his hands behind his back, looking vacantly out on the water. The young men went to the basement, got out the oars, proceeded to the shore, launched the boat and rowed away, while the old man still stood in full view, with his hands behind his back. After they had rowed as long as they liked they came back, drew up the boat, returned the oars to the basement of the house without a word and went away. The old man was still moving about and gazing out on the water.

Next day one of the young men called at the house and gave the owner of the boat a quarter.

"That's for the boat yesterday," said he.

The old man took the quarter, deposited it in his trousers pocket with great deliberation, and then said with equal deliberation:

"Wal, I don't *let* my boat *Sun-days!*"—*Boston Record.*

The Fat Man's Failure.

A fat, sun-browned man came aboard a sleeping car up in Wisconsin and shyly looked around for his seat. He eyed the car and its appointments curiously, and gave the other passengers the impression that he was a green traveler. Bed-time finally came, and the fat, sun-browned man eagerly watched his fellow-travelers retire, being evidently engaged in gathering hints for his conduct. At last he retired himself, and after meandering around in his berth for awhile settled down to sleep. Just then the porter happened to remember that he had not given this passenger one of the little hammocks so convenient to put clothing, collars, cuffs, etc., in, and immediately proceeded to supply the deficiency. Instantly the fat man seemed to be in trouble. He rustled around in his berth again, bumped his head against the partitions, swore a little and grunted with vexation. Finally he rolled out of his berth to the floor of the car, alighting with a regular dull thud in the middle of the aisle. As the porter picked him up he exclaimed, gaspingly:

"I know I can't couldn't sleep in a doddurned little h-hammick like that, and I was an idiot for trying."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Precious Prattler Perpetrates a Ponderous Pun.

"Mamma," said little Dollie Pretzel the other day, "do you see those little sheeps making love to each other?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Pretzel, "I see how affectionate those lambs are."

"Are those lambs making love, mamma?"

"Yes, I believe they are plighting their love."

"Do they light the street lamps, mamma?"

"Why, no, my child; what put such a silly idea into your head?"

"You did, mamma."

"Why, Dolly, I never intimated such a thing."

"Yes, you did, mamma. You said that those lambs were plighting their love, and if they are, they must be lam-plighters."—*National Weekly.*

It Was Agin the Rule.

"Now, Johnnie," exclaimed his mother, "you have had enough pie and must not eat any more."

"Please, ma," said Johnnie, "can't I have just a little piece?"

"Not a little piece. I am afraid, my child, that it will make you sick. Besides, if you don't eat it all up now you'll have some left for to-morrow."

"That's agin the rule I learned to-day," continued Johnnie

"Contrary you should say, not 'agin,'" said his mother. "Contrary to what rule is it for you to save some pie for to-morrow?"

"Don't you know it says, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you ken do to-day.' I ken eat another piece of pie and not half try. Can I have it?"

Got a Mix.

A Cleveland church deacon who had a few thousand dollars to spare was advised by a friend to invest it in oil. The deacon held off for awhile, arguing that it was flying in the face of the Lord to enter into speculation, but he finally put up $1,000 and a few weeks came out winner by over a thousand.

"Well, I guess you have changed your mind about speculation," remarked the friend as he met him.

"Y-e-s, somewhat," was the reply. "I've kinder come to believe that the Lord has got me and Deacon Smith mixed up, for Smith went into wheat and dropped $1,500 in a month."—*Wall Street News.*

A Missouri Incident.

"I had intended, fellow-citizens," said a man who attended a political meeting in Missouri and had been unexpectedly called on to address the crowd, "not to say anything to-day. I came to listen, not to be heard. At some future time I will take pleasure in talking to you on the political issues of the day, but will thank you if you will let me off now with no remarks ——"

"You can't get off with Nora Marks, you slim-legged dude from nowhere!" yelled a stalwart and enraged young Missourian, who had brought his team to the meeting from some of the back townships; and he pulled off his coat and invited the speaker to adjourn with him outside the crowd and fight it out like a man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Tolerably High Price.

A well-known lawyer once came into a room where Judge Lake and several others were seated. He was not in a good temper, and they asked him what the matter was.

"Well, I defended a fellow for murder. He was convicted. I took him to the Supreme Court, back again, to the Supreme Court again, and the Supreme Court confirmed the judgment and gave him 10 years. I charged him $10,000. Lake, do you think that was too much?"

"Well," said Judge Lake, "I think he might have been convicted for less."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sounds from the Restaurant.

Hotel guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good.

Pretty waiter girl—Tenorcoffee?

Guest—This steak—it's tough—

Pretty waiter girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking for you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say tenorcoffee?

Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.

A Natural Mistake.

Mr. B (a prominent politician)—Uncle Rastus, I want you to come up to my house and vindicate the kitchen ceiling.

Uncle Rastus—W-what' dat, sah—vindicate de ceilin'?

Mr. B—No, no, I don't mean vindicate. I mean whitewash the ceiling.

He Was a Saving Young Man.

Father of Young Girl—I should think you would be satisfied after the treatment you got here last night. I kicked you down the front steps and set the dog on you, and he came back with a big piece of your trousers. Now, what do you want?

Young Man—I'd like that piece of cloth, please.

A Libel.

"What do you do with yourself Sunday?" asked Bjones of the cousin from Chicago who is visiting his house.

"Sunday?" repeated the Chicago man, wonderingly, "What's that?"

Miscellany.

WAS SOLD BY A WOMAN.

An Interesting $25,000 Horse Dicker.

I recollect one summer that the sporting men at Saratoga was very much disgusted that Keene did not back his own stable to the extent they desired. Your horse gambler, like your stock broker, considers it a breach of ettiquette if a rich man does not play largely and support his prestige. Things became so tight that Keene had to sell his Derby horse, and how to sell it he hardly knew. He could have got something like £3,000 to £4,000 for it, but he wanted to get all the animal was worth. In this situation, afraid to leave Wall street lest it might be said that he had run away from his account or from his programme, he looked around for some suitable person to sell his horse. I am told that he hit upon a woman. She crossed the ocean on the steamer City of Berlin, and the parties desiring to buy were told by cable that a woman would meet them. When our female friend, who had never been abroad before, entered Eustis Station, London, a flunkey was crying out the name of this lady. She walked up and announced herself, and was referred to two men standing in the station, one of whom she found was Lord Rosebery, late of Gladstone's Cabinet, and the other was the Duke of Cumberland, a relative of the queen. These men were customers for Foxhall. They expressed surprise that a small, quiet woman should be sent on such an errand, instead of, as they supposed, some Amazon who had been brought up around the racing stables. The horse was finally bought from her by Lord Rosebery for $25,000. Finding her well-bred, interesting and peculiar, loving male society and behaving well in it, yet not stiffly, she was introduced, through the medium of other Americans in London—one of them possibly Mr. Vanderbilt—to persons as high as the duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, and commander-in-chief of the British army. This coterie treated her first-rate, gave her a dinner at the Star and Garter, and took her to the stock exchange, where she resumed her observations and operations in the heart of London. When she came away the same coterie rem

Recent Literature.

A book that cannot fail to be warmly welcomed, especially by women, is the one just issued by Thomas G. Crowell & Co., New York, entitled "Girls Who Became Famous." The author, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, is well fitted to do the pleasant task undertaken in this volume, that of bringing to the world a better understanding of the work and character of some of the noble women who have won for themselves name and fame. While the articles are but little more than sketches, Mrs. Bolton has been happy in seizing the salient points of the lives of each, and uniting them into a graceful whole, that will please and interest the reader. The number of gifted women thus treated is limited to nineteen, including such names as Mrs. Stowe, Helen Hunt Jackson, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Livermore, George Eliot, Rosa Bonheur Madame de Staël, Florence Nightingale, Margaret Fuller, and Harriet Hosmer. The book is a very interesting one from beginning to end, and the only regret connected with it is that it is not more extended in its scope.

"The Riverside Museum" comes from the same house. The name of the author is given as "Jak," and the present volume may be considered as a sequel to "Birchwood," which was a very popular book with young people. The latter narrates the story of the formation of a museum in an old vacant house, which was offered by a gentleman to his children and their young friends, upon condition of their using it, not simply as a playhouse, but that something would tend to their improvement. The story tells how they collected specimens of natural objects, and formed a library of books donated by themselves and their friends. The present volume goes on with the narrative showing how much these young people accomplished of good in this way, and what a means of self-help it was, while at the same time they were having the very best time imaginable. It is not in the least prosy, but bright and interesting.

From James J. Chapman, Washington, D. C., comes a volume entitled "A Hand-Book of Politics for 1886." It purports to be a record of all important political action, legislative, executive and judicial, both national and state, during the time from July 31, 1884, to July 31, 1886. It is the tenth of the series prepared by Edward McPherson on the present plan, and covers with its predecessors more than a quarter of a century of most momentous political activity. The author has been the clerk of the House of Representatives, and was therefore in a position to make a reliable books of this kind. Those who are familiar with the volumes, which have preceded this one, will need no recommendation of its contents.

The book is fair, accurate and comprehensive. The index is full and perfect. No effort has been spared to secure accuracy of statement. The book cannot but be of the highest value to editors, campaigners, debaters, students and all intelligent citizens.

The first volume of "Millennial Dawn. The Plan of the Ages," issued by the Tower Publishing Co., Alleghany, Pa., is the first of a series of volumes, each complete in itself, designed to make plain the teachings of the Bible and to arrest skepticism. The work is by the author of "Why Evil was Permitted" and "The Tabernacle and Its Teachings," both of which are favorably known to Bible students and teachers. Some of the headings of the chapters are as follows: "The Existence of a Supreme Intelligent Creator Established," "The Bible as a Divine Revelation, Viewed in the Light of Reason;" "The Epochs and Dispensations Marked in the Development of the Divine Plan;" "The Day of Judgment;" "Ransom and Retribution;" "Spiritual and Human Natures Separate and Distinct," etc. The volume will, doubtless, be much received by those for whose help it is intended.

No. 31 of Cassell's National Library is "Religio Medici," by Sir Thomas Browne, M. D. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

Literary Notes.

Miss Warner, the author of the grewsome story, "The House on the Marsh," is reported to be a niece of the actor, Thomas Whiffen.

The latest publication of the Hakluyt society is a reprint of the Voyages and Travels to Russia and Persia of Anthony Jenkinson and other Englishmen.

A reprint of Shelley's early poem, "The Wandering Jew," is to be brought out in England by Mr. Bertram Dobell.

Mary Cecil Hay is dead, but Harper & Bros. have found the MS. of her last novel, "A Wicked Girl," on her death-bed, and will publish it forthwith.

It is reported that Gen. Lew Wallace has exercised his artistic powers in making illustrations for "Ginevra," a forthcoming story written by Mrs. Wallace.

"Oblivion" is said to be not the first story written by Miss McClelland, though the first one published. This writer lives in Buckingham county, Va., and has portrayed some of her neighbors in "Oblivion."

A collection of some of Thackeray's fragmentary pieces will soon be published in England under the title of "Sultan Stork, and Other Stories, Sketches and Ballads." An appendix will contain a revised and enlarged bibliography of Thackeray.

The "war papers" of the *Century* will hereafter not be given the same prominence that has characterized them in the past, but will be made secondary to other literary features, and be so published that they will appear more as supplementary articles to the magazine. The series is to be continued for about a year longer.

There appears but little hope that the Chicago *Current* will secure Miss Mary A. Dodge ("Gail Hamilton") as its associate editor, as has been reported. Evidently the paragraphers know more of the subject than Miss Dodge herself, since in a letter before us she says: "All I know about my relation to the *Current* I learn from the literary note to which you call my attention."

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, the daughter of Alma Tadema, the painter, has written a paper on "Fashions in Hair," for the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Her proud father has prepared as an illustration to this paper a page of heads—"Examples of Roman Hair-dressing."

The beautiful tribute to "Mothers-in-Law," written by Mr. C. C. Packard, editor of the Toledo Sunday *Journal*, under the *nom de plume* of "Tidnee," has won the warm appreciation of its merits, shown by its finding a place in so many papers.

Poor Religion that Sets Things Crooked.

It is laughable to see one hunting high and low for his spectacles, which have been only shoved over his forehead. But it is not laughable to see Christians hunting for the chief opportunities to honor God, while overlooking such opportunities as they carry with them wherever they go. A slovenly carpenter was once heard at a weekly prayer meeting to pray with great fervency for the spread of Christ's cause—a cause which he disgraced and hindered in his sphere every time he stood at his work-bench. When he had finished his prayer, a hearty "Amen" came from a servant who put her mistress out of temper a hundred times a day by her carelessness. A clerk was also there, who, although he taught a class in the mission school on Sundays, he was always late at his employer's store on week days. He whispered "Amen," too, and meant it, so far as he knew himself. A lady hearer, as she listened, resolved to join the church missionary society, and then went home and found unreasonable fault with her cook. And others also felt warmed to do something for Christ, who never seemed to have thought that religion, like charity, begins at home. The mechanic who is powerful in mass meetings and weak at his trade, is no credit to the cause he professes. The servant who drops tears feelingly at religious services and drops dishes unfeelingly in the kitchen, has her tenderness altogether too much on one side. And it is a poor kind of religion which seeks opportunities to set others straight, but overlooks its own crookedness.

The Public Will Have Them.

The Nerve Invigorating Pill, a friend to the suffering, to the old it will restore you to your youthful vigor and the young who are suffering from early decay or loss of manhood, it will cause you to rejoice with joy unspeakable. Try a box. If not satisfactory your money will be refunded. Enclose $1 to W. Bartlett, druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

How She Went Off.

Mrs. Medlar (who is fond of quizzing her neighbor's domestics)—Your mistress' rich aunt went off in a huff this morning, didn't she, Mary?

Mary (innocently)—Oh, no, ma'am; if you please, ma'am, 'twas a hack, I'm thinkin'.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail, in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

THE HOLY LAND.

A Chat With a Missionary Who Was in Jerusalem Fifty-Two Years Ago.

A reporter met the Rev. William Thomson, one of the oldest of the American missionaries to the Holy Land now living, having gone to Jerusalem in 1834 for the American board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The gentleman is of large and well proportioned figure, and considering his advanced age he is remarkably well preserved, physically as well as mentally.

"Yes, I am pretty well acquainted with Jerusalem," said Mr. Thomson, "and with the whole of Palestine, which, while it was once the center of civilization and progress, is now a very insignificant province of a very insignificant empire."

"How large a city was Jerusalem when you first went there?"

"I went to that city first 52 years ago and then there was hardly a house outside of the city walls, while the city gates were closed each evening and no person could get out or in until morning. I think it contained about 15,000 inhabitants."

"Of course the city has no growth except in age?"

"Yes, it has a moderate growth. I presume the city now counts 30,000 inhabitants, and all the old restrictions about the city's walls and the closing of the city gates are removed."

"What is there to attract new settlers and who are they?"

"They are mostly Jews and most of those who come are old people who seek the city of their fathers, to die and be buried there. Now there are a great many houses, and some of them fine modern dwellings, on the west side or the city outside of the old walls. The houses are pretty architectually, and they are in most instances well furnished. When they die they are buried there, and the whole side of Mount Olivet is fairly paved with the graves of buried Jews."

"Paved?"

"Yes. You know the Hebrews do not mark the graves of their dead with monuments and upright headstone as we do. They place a small slab or stone appropriately carved, flat-wise upon the graves. That's why I say the side of Mount Olivet is paved."

"Is the city itself at all modernized?"

"Yes, considerably. Inside the walls or in the old city, not many changes have been made in the buildings, but the streets are kept cleaner, the native inhabitants are more cleanly and hospitable and show more enterprise. Why, just think of it, the streets of Jerusalem are lighted at night time by oil from the Pennsylvania oil wells. There are two or three hotels there kept by Germans, and as I tell you, outside the walls the new residences of Hebrews who have located there make the landscape look quite modern and pleasing. There are Russian and Armenian convents there—not one building—but splendid systems of buildings well worth visiting."

"How about the roadways in that vicinity?"

"They are poor enough now, but they are superb compared with the roads when I first went there. The country is very mountainous, and it is under the rule of the Turkish government. That tells the whole story, for Turkey was born to retard all progress and kill all prosperity. When I went there it was a difficult matter to reach Jerusalem on mule or donkey back, or even on foot. Now there is a sort of carriage road from Jaffa to Jerusalem—about 40 miles—over which a small vehicle, a kind of stage or omnibus, carries visitors."

"How do all the tourists and pilgrims get to the Holy City?"

"Most of the pilgrims come in the spring of the year, either on foot or on mules and donkeys. The European and American visitors generally get there by way of Jaffa and the carriage road I speak of. But that class is only a drop in the bucket. The crowd comes in the spring of the year, as I say, and they come chiefly from Russia and European Turkey. They come by the hundreds—"

"How are they accommodated in the two or three small hotels?"

"The pilgrims are accommodated in the convents and bring tents with them and camp out in the olive orchards roundabout. That's why they come when they do, for at that season of the year it is simply delightful in the open air, day or night."

"Is there anything to make Jerusalem a very large city?"

"Nothing, except as a point of most ulque historical interest. It has no manufactures except the manufacture of relics from wood from the olive trees and mother-of-pearl taken from the Red Sea. These are made quite extensively, and they are very readily sold at good prices to Russian pilgrims."

"There is no agriculture?"

"Nothing to speak of, though there might be, as the country is a limestone country. At Hebron there is a glass manufactory, where they make finger rings and other ornaments of glass. There is some little traffic in wool and olives, but outside of these things the products of the country are very small. The harvest is the coming of the pilgrims each spring."

"The fees for pointing out objects of interest to visitors must amount to considerable?"

"Not so very much, but enough to help the natives to live."

"I suppose they authenticate all the points of interest, relics, etc.?"

"Well the geographical points like the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Betheny, Hebron, etc., are established as to authenticity, beyond question. There can be no doubt that the great Mosque of Omar is built on the site of Solomon's Temple, near Nablus. But when in one of the convents at Bethlehem you see a star in the floor and say our Savior was born on that spot—well, I think there is room for doubt and at the same time I conclude that it isn't necessary to worry my mind over it. They show you the sepulcher where Christ was buried. You are somewhat impressed with an idea that the location has been made to construct a structure of different style and more recent date than that on which the burial occurred. However, in the atmosphere of that locality one does not feel like studying as to the exactness of little details like that. The authenticity of the place as a whole is unquestioned, and that is of itself most satisfying."

"Were you at other cities in that country?"

"Yes, indeed. By the way, to show the difference between Jerusalem and the roads leading to it, which are under the government of Turkey, and Damascus and Beyrout, which cities are connected by highways built by the German government. They are both very large and flourishing cities, with good fruit, grain and wool trades countries roundabout. They have modern hotels in those cities as fine as you will find in that eastern country, and a good deal of present century enterprise is apparent."

"Would the country suit the average American?"

"I think not. When it comes to that, the Holy Land is not a place I would advise any person to adopt as a future abiding place."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Halford Sauce for family use. Sold everywhere.

Ananias Resurrected in Tennessee.

"Yes, Nashville rats are a pretty brave lot, sure enough. I only arrived in the city last night, and after an early breakfast I strolled down along Market street. Just at the foot of the hill I heard an unearthly sort of noise that reminded me of the overture of one of Wagner's operas, and I set out in search of the cause. Rounding the corner of an alley I saw a big black cat, hair standing on end, and progressing by fits and starts backward. Every time she'd move backward the most horrible yell I ever heard would come out of her larynx. I couldn't make out at first why she insisted on going backward, as there was a clear road in front of her, but, moving a little to one side I saw that a great big rat had hold of her by the tail, while another rat, a venerable old cuss, with gray clothes and white whiskers, had hold of the tail of the other rat, and together they were hauling pussy toward a hole in a brick wall near by. I stood and watched the struggle until they finally got the cat close up to the hole, and then found out that the orifice was too small to permit of the cat's being pulled in. The old gray cuss let go his hold, dived into the hole and came back again in a minute with about 40 more rats, and the whole gang at once set to work pulling out the brick and enlarging the hole. It took them about five minutes to do this, and then they 'tailed on' to the big fellow, who had twisted his tail around a gas pipe and was holding the cat all the time, and yanked the poor beast into the hole. The last I heard was a terrific squall, and then all was silent. I guess those rats had a good Sunday morning breakfast for once at least."

Then the lean man resumed his cigar, and the reporter eyed him with awe and reverence, and wondered why the mantle of Ananias had fallen on such insignificant looking shoulders."—*Nashville Union.*

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WEATHER CALCULATIONS.

Editor Blake, of "The Future," Follows Up His Past Predictions With Others.

C. C. Blake, in the September number of *The Future*, says:

At the date of this writing there is nothing in nature, aside from astronomical calculations, to indicate with unerring certainty, what the weather will be next winter. But astronomy, not astrology, does furnish a mathematical base for making the computation, though it is no child's play to carry the calculations through to a successful conclusion.

In August we stated that the drought would be the rule and rain the exception, with a few places where the storms would be severe. Of September it may be said: There are few places that have been and will be missed by the local storms for several months in succession, and in such places the crops will be nearly ruined. In some states and parts of states the drought will be relieved by local storms in one month, and in other places the following month, while a few places will be fortunate enough to have local showers each month.

But while the rule will be a general drought till October, yet it might almost be said that the drought will begin to terminate the last of August, as several local storms will then occur. But they will not be general rains, and in some places the drought will be more severe in September than any other month, though after about the middle of the month the storms will grow more extensive till the first of October.

Neither frost nor drought will hurt corn much in September, as "it is hard killing a dead lion," and King Corn will be a corpse in most places before the first of September. At first I estimated the damage to the corn crop at 40 per cent, but it now looks as though it will exceed that.

October will produce very fair weather with considerable rain and some severe storms; but in a portion of the country the drought will continue till about the end of October. It will be rather warmer than the average in most of the country, though there will be some cool spells.

November will be a stormy month, though the storms will be mixed with a fair amount of pleasant fall weather. There will be plenty of rain in most places and excessive in some places, with cold snaps and severe frosts.

While December may start in cold, yet it will not last, as it will be warmer than November till about the 20th, when winter will set in in dead earnest with a blizzard. While it will not be very wet in the Northwest, yet there will be a large amount of rain, with floods South and East before the blizzard starts. I do not, however, think this first blizzard will be quite as severe as that of last January.

After about December 20, 1886, winter will continue with a still unabated and increasing fury till April, 1887. But it does not necessarily follow that each day will be colder than the preceding day. There will be several mild spells, with rain in the South, but there will be nothing that could be called a "thaw" during the entire winter after December 20.

February will be cooler than January, and while March will not be quite so cold as February, yet it will be a cold, stormy month.

There will be considerable snow with numerous severe snow blockades in the mountains, to produce her beauty, and a London paper denies that her Highness ever uses anything more than powder and a milky wash for the face at night. The care of the complexion is a question of vital importance to every woman, and should be; but cleanliness must always come first. I have seen at balls, in this city, fashionable women, whose necks were begrimed with dirt, one passée widow, who has long since passed the age when the majority of men and women are compelled to wear eye-glasses, but who will not succumb to any such signs of age, uses her back hair dye in such a way that portions of her neck are always more or less smeared. Another fashionable woman of my acquaintance has never been invited a second time, to visit at several rather nice houses, because, on her first visit her hair dye, and various cosmetics rubbed all the pillow-cases and towels with which she came into contact. If any fair readers care for an excellent wash for the skin, which will prevent wrinkles, let them wash their faces every night in scalding hot water with a little bi-carbonate of soda dissolved therein, and after carefully drying, rub on a little sweet oil, or cream. This was recommended by a well known physician to a lady *de par le monde.*—*Town Topics.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Unequaled.

Dr. R. M. Alexander, Fannettsburg, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equaled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

Who was the Correspondent?

Mrs. A—— went into the kitchen one morning and informed Ellen that Mr. Thompson, a neighbor and prominent resident, had committed suicide. Ellen looked at her with an expression of mingled astonishment and disgust, and said: "Oh-h-h, mum, has he? Wid who?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported being at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several remedies, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

FOR GOOD HUSBANDS.

Hints to Those Who Desire to Keep Their Wives Young and Handsome.

Why do not mothers teach their boys how to do housework? The little girls set the table, wipe dishes, dust the parlor, hold the the baby. But the boys! Bless your soul, if you can get one of them to hang up his night-shirt every morning, instead of leaving it on the floor as he stepped out of it, or hang up his cap, or put up his books or skates, you are lucky. Why should not a boy help his mother? Why should tears of rage and shame roll down his cheeks when an apron is tied around his neck and he is obliged to wash dishes. Girls are told from their babyhood to "learn to be good wives." Boys should have it constantly dinned into their ears to "learn to be good husbands." How often you see a tired wife carry a heavy burden upstairs and her husband come up behind her empty handed. And this same little wife will split the wood and sometimes black the husband's boots.

A man on a cattle ranch, living by himself in a dug-out, said he wished his mother had taught him to cook when he was a boy, and to sew, for he would find it of great use when their were no women folks about. A writer in the *Farm and Home* has well said that their is nothing degrading for a man or boy to don a big apron and assist the tired wife or mother in the heavier work of the household. My mother's girls were all boys, and I, the youngest, was often called to help her with the housework. I have lived to bless her for the instruction she gave me in that line, and I know my wife is of the same mind. I know a man who, when his wife was sick, took the whole care of the household as nurse, cook, washerwoman, and maid of all work for several weeks, unaided, except for the daily visits of the physician, caring for his wife as she went almost to the gates of death, until at last a good nurse was obtained, and the tired husband was permitted to rest. And that man was not a "Miss Nancy" either. Why are not husbands as polite to their wives as to other women? Why don't they bring in a little bit of the honeyed sweetness of courting days to lighten the dull prose of married life?

In a story, "A Cure for a Miserable Wife," is the following conversation: The old farmer has made $50,000 by scrimping and by denying his wife all modern help and conveniences, and his friend says to him: "Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a hickory cake, and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"Her children have grown out of her hands. She is at home alone, going around in a tread mill which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral, while you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. Now, you have a new Watertown wagon. Your wife does not look well in it, so you take your hired man and neighbors' girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own gold and rubber. She never goes out, so she does not dye her hair as you do yours, but it looks like a milkweed pod gone to seed. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice toothpick shoes like yours, but goes chumping around like a sheep in a dry goods box."

"Professor, for mercy's sake stop."

"Now if your wife had a chance to rest, had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the handsomest women in the town."

"I swan! I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday, drive around with the colts and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then tell her you are going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by that new nickel-plated coal stove and work on that new silk dress you are going to buy her."

"Professor, that's me."

And then hand a nickel wallet with steel clasps and with five new twenty-dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live."

"And then when she tears start in her eyes, and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you was courting her, if you would kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I would begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

Now, husbands, one and all, brush up your manners to the "auld wife." Give her some of the sweet courtesies of the honeymoon, and see what will come of it.

FACTS ABOUT RIVERS.

Two Rivers Longer than the Amazon—South American Streams.

The explorations of recent years have considerably changed our notions of the comparative rank of the great rivers of the world. If we class rivers according to their length, both the Nile and the Yangtsekiang must be named before the Amazon. The Nile's four thousand miles of water-way from its headwaters south of Lake Victoria to the Mediterranean makes it the largest river in the world, nearly as long as the Mississippi and Missouri together, and about one thousand miles longer than the Amazon. The Amazon is the greatest river in the world, because of its numerous tributaries, some of them larger than the Danube or the Rhine, by means of which the Amazon basin covers an area about one million square miles greater than that of any other river. The Congo river is the fourth longest river in the world, but in the volume of water that it pours into the ocean it is second only to the Amazon.

A very curious thing has been discovered about the three greatest river basins in South America—the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Plate basins. It has been found that they are so connected by watercourses that the traveler can pass in steamboats or canoes from one river system into another. He can ascend the Orinoco river for hundreds of miles until he comes to the Cassiquiari, up which he can travel for about two hundred miles to the Rio Negro, one of the largest tributaries of the Amazon. Floating down to the Amazon, and then descending that river for some distance, he can ascend the great Madeira tributary. In its upper course he can turn into the Mamoré, then into the Guaporé, then into the little Alegré river. Here, as is often done, he can haul his canoe over a low, grassy flat about two miles wide and launch it into the Rio Agoapehy, and then descend by the Jauru and Paraguay to Buenos Ayres and the Plate River. The Alegré and Agapehy Rivers, headstreams of two mighty systems, flow side by side for 20 to 50 miles and many of their branches are separated by a few hundred yards.

Mr. Wells, the engineer whom Brazil has employed for years in its railroad surveys, says that in many places the basin of the Amazon could be connected with that of the Plate River by canals, or communication by water would thus be rendered complete from one system to the other.

Washington's Bible.

George Washington's bible is owned in Philadelphia. Though he carried it all through his campaigns it was not injured inside, the leaves are not dog-eared or the margins marked, and it doesn't look as if it was ever used at all. This shows what a remarkably neat man George Washington was.

A Complex Case.

One of the most widely known men in the United States, particularly in the extending circles of Temperance organization, is the Prohibition candidate at the recent election for governor of the state of New York, A. A. Hopkins, Esq., of the city of Rochester. He did not receive sufficient votes to elect, but one thing is certain, from the test of his qualifications in the editorial chair of a very widely circulated news paper, he possesses the ability to have filled the position with credit had he been chosen. The physicians to whom he writes the following letter, therefore, have reason to value it very highly as a voluntary testimonial:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1885.

Drs. Starkey & Palen, *Gentlemen*:—Permit me to express my hearty conviction of the good your Compound Oxygen treatment has done in my own household. One of our family has been several years afflicted with a combination of lung, head and nerve difficulties very severe, and resisting every form of medical application. He had tried physicians literally by the score; changes of climate West and South; and had grown hopeless nearly altogether. You know how *complete* was his case, and how apparently beyond help, for he visited you in person when but just able to be off his bed. You did not think him curable. Nor can I say that he was cured; but he was amazingly helped. He tried the Compound Oxygen with little faith in it, and his cough grew less, his strength greater. His nervous condition improved steadily. Whenever the Oxygen was intermitted for a time he lost ground. Last spring he had become so well and strong that the Treatment did not seem necessary, and he gave it up. He had regained his former weight; his cough was rarely ever heard, by night or day; he walked about with vigor, and attended actively to business. His wonderful improvement surprised himself and all who knew him.

Yours, etc.,

A. A. Hopkins.

Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, the dispensers of this remarkable curative agent, will send, without charge, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving all desired information in regard to it, to any applicant.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A neglected grave is always pathetic to the thoughtful observer. And it becomes doubly so when, on reading the epitaph, he discovers that the one whose last resting-place seems forgotten of the world has relatives yet in the flesh who might, if they would, pay the slight tribute of caretaking to the memory of the one who sleeps beneath. The neglected grave of such a one tells of forgetfulness on the part of the living. Life, its joys and pleasures, its hurry of business, engross their attention, and not a thought is given to the once dear one who sleeps in the tomb. The Blade is happy to be able to invite the perusal of Mr. Maher's article on this topic, elsewhere in this issue, entitled "They Had Forgotten Her." It is a wierd bit of vivid word-painting, but its lesson is none the less strong because it is couched in narrative rather than didactic form.

It is one of the phases of human nature, that with the majority there is a very clear sense of what the laws of justice and humanity demand, but when it becomes necessary to make a personal application of them, very many are found wanting. The salad-server was forcibly reminded of this fact recently, by seeing a street railroad car pass by literally packed on the inside, and upon the outside people hanging as thick as flies upon sugared paper, and right in the midst of this mass, two more persons were trying to force their way, adding at least 250 pounds to the load which the one poor horse was trying to drag along. Probably three-fourths of these people would be shocked at any direct accusation of cruelty, and yet there could be no doubt but that the poor animal was making an effort that amounted almost to agony to keep the car moving. Certainly, it was not a sight calculated to inspire confidence in man's consideration for what is in his power. Of course the term man is used in its general signification, for there were quite as many women as men in the car.

No doubt many of these persons were overcome with fatigue, and they would also probably say that it was not they who were cruel, but the street railway company which did not provide sufficient accommodations for the public, as it is its duty to do. The truth is, there should be a law, and enforced to the utmost, limiting the number of people that may be carried on a car, just as there is for boats, and then the company would be obliged to increase their carrying facilities. The above is not an exceptional case. During the whole of the present ween, the same thing was to be seen repeatedly. I is a matter which the Humane Society might well take hold of, for certainly it is the height of cruelty to animals to force them to make such terrible exertions of strength.

The question comes in, aside from the duty of the railroad company, as to the personal responsibility of those individuals who crowd into an already overloaded car. Many, no doubt, live at such "magnificent distances" from the business part of the city, that to ride is a necessity, but there are those who could walk with far less suffering than they cause the poor horse by the additional weight to be put forth in order to carry them. Of course, "it is only a horse," but to the really kind hearted, cruelty to that noble animal ranks next to cruelty to man. When the public rise up in rebellion against such inhumanity it will be stopped, and every person who refuses to ride under such circumstances, and also express his or her protest will be doing no mean part towards bringing about a change. A person's responsibility depends in degree upon his ability by example to influence others, but there is no one absolutely powerless.

Mark Twain has been writing an article for the benefit of literary aspirants in which are some valuable suggestions. If that literature, like every other profession or work, is cramped for good workmen, instead of there being more skilled workmen than work. To test it, hunt up a first class editor and try to hire him; you will find he is already hired. He goes on to say:

The young literary aspirant is a very, very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinner the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character and would require him, moreover, to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to solder tinware in his intervals. He would smile pleasantly if he were asked even to make so simple a thing as a ten-cent tin dipper without previous instruction in the art. But, all the same, ignorant himself, puffed up, assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world, acquired in a back country village, he will sevenly sit down and whittle up so dangerous a weapon as a pen and attack any subject, formidable subject that finance, commerce, war or politics can furnish him withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin-shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpracticed hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions and decree the weal or woe of nations.

There seems to be a great deal of poetry of a sort peculiar to this season of the year, when the summer's pleasurings are over and they can be viewed only by memory's eye. A tendency exists to look back rather mournfully, and the feelings find vent in such stanzas as the following, headed "A Lover's Lament." Perhaps its publication may persuade the thief to bring back the key to the owner:

I.

She had my heart—she rented it awhile;
A fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle tenantee,
And half in mischief, half in truth, in guile,
When she departed carried off the key.

II.

And I have a vacant heart "To Let;"
The sign is pasted up all over me;
And yet I can no worthy tenant get,
Because it's locked, and she has got the key.

III.

L'ENVOI.

Now hath my heart to me grown worthless quite,
No other tenant would I have save thee;
Forgive your landlord's accidental slight,
Come back, and you shall have it, dear, rent free.

Mere beauty of face does not go as far as people generally imagine. It wins at first sight, but if not supported, flanked, one may say, by qualities to fix the impression, its effect will soon pass away. When you think of the friends you love, the image brought before your mind is not of the nose, the mouth, the ears, or the color of their eyes, but you see the soul which looks out of their faces and expresses itself to you. I do not see how she could have married so homely a man," said one in speaking of a friend who had been years wife, but whose husband she had never before seen. "She thinks him handsome," was the reply, and no doubt she did, for she saw, not his physical features, but those of his great, generous soul, and the latter overshadowed and blotted out the former to her eyes. A happy husband, who has been wedded a score or two of years, hardly knows what his wife is like. He may think he does, and describe her to you as a bewitching little creature, long after she has fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf," simply because the image of his early love is in his heart, and he does not see her as she is to day.

Did you ever notice how few women there are who are good listeners? They can talk—talk well, brightly, intelligently, piquantly; but they cannot listen. And yet listening attentively is the first rule of agreeable conversation. If women could only realize this, talks between them would not be the tiresome, trivial efforts they always are. Personal subjects, their standard stock in hand of interest to the one, bores the other. And she not being trained in the second rule of conversation, answering exactly, lets what she pleases to call her mind, run riot. In consequence the listening air is pierced with jagged ends of "you don't tell me" and "I am surprised," and "just so," and "how you do speed," until the exclamation and interrogation fiend himself, on whom they have drawn so freely, sinks from exhaustion.

A young man has thought the subject of sufficient importance to address a letter to a Pittsburg paper, informing men how they should button their collars and cuffs. According to his dictum, the right side of the collar must be buttoned first, the left side thus overlapping it when duly buttoned second. As to the cuffs, he lays down the law that the upper and outer portion shall overlap the inner or under part. For the left wrist, the right of the cuff (when it is placed in position) buttons under, the left over; for the right wrist, the left side buttons under, the right over. He says that a majority of persons will have one lap one way and the other reversed, while many have both wrong, and only a very few have both right. If any one doubts this, let him examine the first dozen gentlemen he meets, and he will find the statement verified. The mistake is made in the manner of placing the buttons in the cuffs before they are put on the wrists. They are evidently inserted in the same corner of both cuffs, when they should be removed, and of course when adjusted, one will be right and the other wrong.

—"I have no appetite," complains many a sufferer. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite, and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

LEFT ALONE TO DIE.

[The following lines were written by T. J. Hyett, a member of a Pennsylvania regiment, while a prisoner of war at Andersonville:]

When our country called for men,
We came from forge and store and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory,
The broken ranks to fill.
We left our quiet happy homes,
And ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union's foes
Or fall where others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Oh! ye who yet can save us
Will ye leave us here to die?

The noise of clanker tells you
That our hearts were weak with fear,
That all, or nearly all, of us
Were captured in the rear.
The scars upon our bodies
From musket balls and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms
A truer tale can tell.
We have tried to do our duty
In the sight of God on high.
Oh! ye who yet can save us
Will ye leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating,
In our pleasant Northern home,
Waiting, watching for our footsteps
That may never, never come.
In Southern prisons pining
Meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily,
From pinching cold, and want.
There brothers, sons, and husbands,
Poor and hopeless captives lie.
Oh! ye who yet can save them,
Will ye leave them there to die!

From out our prison gate
There is a grave yard near at hand,
Where lie twelve thousand Union men
Beneath the Georgia land:
Scores on scores are laid beside them,
As day succeeds the day.
And thus it will be ever,
Till they all shall pass away,
And the last can say while dying,
With upturned and glazing eye,
Both faith and love are dead at home;
They have left us here to die.

Stray Shots Picked Up.

A Morris, of Goshen, O., writes: "I have not the countersign, but would like to get near enough the Camp Fire to whisper to the boys. I will say that there will be a reunion of the old 2d at Goshen, Clermont county, O., September 16 and 17. Comrades who come by rail will come to Pleasant Plain, on the C., W. & B. railroad.

The Ohio brigade reuniou, which was to have been held at Mt. Vernon, O., October 3 and 4, has been declared off, on account of failure to make adequate preparations. The next reunion will be held next year at the same date, at Chillicothe, O.

He Kept Pace with the Bullets.

Editor Camp Fire:—My company was stationed on picket the morning of September 8, 1862, at or near Fort Mitchell, Ky., on the Lexington turnpike, and it was our first day's duty in the rebellion. The rebels under Bragg and Kirby Smith were directly in front of us. We had scarcely relieved the company that was on duty all night and the day before, when one of our boys, known in the company by the name of Gabriel, wanted to go and get a pail of water from a house in front of our position, and a little to our right. The captain told Gabe I not to undertake it as the Johnnies were not far from that place and it would not be safe. Gabe was not afraid of the Johnnies, but he was lazy, and coaxed and teased until the captain at last told him to do as he chose, but not with his consent. Off Gabe went on a hen canter, got the pail full and started back, when bang went a gun. Gabe commenced to run for dear life. The bullet struck the pail, going through the side. Gabe clung to the pail, bringing it to the reserve post with the bullet in it. When he stopped, the bullet went on its course, tearing through the opposite side, spilling the rest of the water left in the pail. Co. G, 100th regiment, knows all about the above facts from an eye-witness.—Rackety Jack.

Back to Shiloh Again.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the issue of June 24 last, Comrade S. M. Dixon, 49th O. V. V. I., contributes valuable information to the former article on the battle of Shiloh. As there are some strong assertions in this letter of Comrade Dixon, I should like to make answer to some of them.

He says Gen. Buell did not disparage Gen. Grant. Comrade Dixon evidently has not read the article on the battle of Shiloh in the *Century* magazine. Comrade Dixon says: "I Repeat, Buell's army saved Grant from being driven into the river and the country from disaster." How any man in his right mind, with any wish to be fair to other comrades, can make such an assertion, I cannot see. Gen. Buell did not dare to make so broad an assertion, and he was on the battle-ground a portion of the afternoon of Sunday. How can Comrade Dixon knew, when he was not on the battlefield before dark on Sunday! How can any man know that Grant and his army would have been driven into the river if Gen. Buell and his army had not come on the field at all? It has always been my belief that with Law Wallace's division on hand for the battle of Monday, Gen. Grant would have been able to have held his own. Buell's came up to the front through all of the useless material of an army in a battle confined on that small

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in every case, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No attention will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Memorable Earthquakes.

In answer to several inquiries on the subject, the Bureau takes from Haydn's Dictionary of Dates the following list of great earthquakes since 742:

742—Awful earthquake in Syria, Palestine, and Asia; more than 500 towns were destroyed, and the loss of life surpassed all calculation.

1169—Catania, in Sicily, overturned, and 15,000 persons buried in the ruins.

1188—In Syria, etc., 20,000 perished.

1268—In Cilicia, 60,000 perished.

1456—December 5. At Naples, 40,000 perished.

1638—September 14. Constantinople, thousands perished.

1531—February 26. At Lisbon, 15,000 houses and 30,000 persons buried in the ruins; several neighboring towns engulfed.

1586—July 2. In Japan, several cities made ruins, and thousands perished.

1626—July 30. In Naples, 30 towns or villages ruined; 70,000 lives lost.

1667—April 6. Ragusa ruined; 5,000 perished.

1667—At Schumaki, lasted three months; 80,000 perished.

1692—April 14. At Bimini, above 1,500 perished.

1692—June 7. One at Jamaica, which totally destroyed Port Royal, when 3,000 houses were engulfed, 2,000 persons lost, and 3,000 perished.

1693—September. One in Sicily, which overturned 54 cities and towns and 300 villages; of Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants not a trace remained; more than 100,000 lives were lost.

1703—January 2. At Aquilla, in Italy, ruined; 5,000 perished.

1703—Jeddo, Japan, ruined; 200,000 perished.

1746—November 8. In the Abruzzi; 15,000 perished.

1746—May and June. At Algiers: 20,000 perished.

1750—September 1. Palmero nearly destroyed; nearly 6,000 lives lost.

1751—November 30. Again in China, and 100,000 people swallowed up at Pekin.

1752—November 29. In Naples, etc., 1,940 persons buried in the ruins.

1754—October 28. Lima and Callao demolished; 18,000 persons buried in the ruins.

1754—September. At Grand Cairo; half of the houses and 40,000 people swallowed up.

1755—June 7. Reschan, North Persia, destroyed; 40,000 perished.

1755—November 1. Great earthquake at Lisbon. In about nine minutes most of the houses and upwards of 50,000 inhabitants were swallowed up, and either struck, buried or otherwise suffered utter ruin, and not. Utica was wholly overturned. In Spain, a large portion of Malaga became ruins. One-half of Fez, in Morocco, was destroyed, and more than 8,000 persons perished. Great part of the island of Madeira became waste, and 2,000 houses in the island of Medeira, in the archipelago, were overthrown. This awful earthquake extended 5,000 miles; even to Scotland.

1756—October 30. In Syria, extended over 10,000 square miles; Rasbeck destroyed; here 20,000 perished.

1759—At Taoris, 15,000 houses thrown down and 1,000 perished.

1783—February 5. Messina and several other towns in Italy and Sicily overthrown; thousands perished.

1784—July 31. Edington, near Ereerouth, destroyed, and 5,000 persons buried in its ruins.

1797—February 4. The whole country between Santa Fe and Bogota, New Grenada, including Caracas and Pasto; 40,000 people buried in one month.

1805—July 26. At Frosidone, Naples; 6,000 lives lost.

1812—March 16. At Caracas; 12,000 perished.

1819—June 16. Several throughout India; district of Kutch sunk; 2,000 persons drowned.

1822—August 22. At Aleppo, to September 5. Also destroyed, above 20,000 perished.

1826—March 21. In Spain; Murcia and numerous villages devastated; 6,000 persons perished.

1827—May 26 and 27. Canton and neighborhood; above 6,000 perished.

1848—February 14. At Terbate; the island made a waste, and thousands of lives lost.

1848—February 4. At Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, which destroyed nearly two-thirds of the town; between 4,000 and 5,000 lives were lost.

1851—August 14. In South Italy, Melfi almost laid in ruins; 14,000 lives lost.

1856—March 2. At the island of Great Sangor, one of the Moluccas, volcanic eruption and earthquake; nearly 3,000 lives lost.

1857—September 16. In Calabria, Montemurro, another town was destroyed, and about 10,000 lives lost.

1859—March 22. At Quito, about 5,000 persons killed, and an immense amount of property destroyed.

1861—March 20. At Mendoza, South America; about two-thirds of the city and 7,000 lives lost.

1862—July 2-3. Manilla, Philippine Isles; immense destruction of property; about 10,000 persons perish.

1868—August 13-15. The cities of Arequipa, Iquique, Tacna and Chirapha, and many small towns in Peru and Ecuador destroyed; about 25,000 lives lost, and 30,000 rendered homeless; loss of property estimated at 260,000,000.

1870—May 16-18. Japan, Formosa and other islands and portions of the boundary of Columbia destroyed; about 14,000 lives said to be lost.

1878—April 14. Cua, Venezuela, nearly destroyed, about 300 killed; loss about £30,000.

1881—March 15. Severe shocks in South Italy; much destruction and loss of life at Casamicciola, a town in the isle of Ischia; 289 houses destroyed, 114 lives lost, about £50,000 loss; March 4, more destruction by another shock.

1881—April 3. Scio; the town and several villages destroyed; about 4,000 perish, much destruction ensues, successive shocks, beginning April 1 to 10th.

In the course of 75 years, from 1733 to 1857, the kingdom of Naples lost at least 111,000 inhabitants by the effects of earthquakes, or more than 1,500 per year, out of an average population of 6,000,000.

The Island of Cuba, Etc.

Sub., Benton, Kan.:

1. Please give a description of the island of Cuba. 2. Who made the first prayer in Congress? 3. What is the government of the island of New Guinea?

1. The island is intersected longitudinally by a range of mountains rising in height from west to east. At the east end, where they are diffused over nearly the entire surface, they attain their greatest elevation, the highest point being the Pico Turquino (7,670 feet). From the bases of these highlands the country opens into extensive meadows and plains, with occasional low swampy tracts. Owing to the cavernous structure of the limestone and other rocks which strata and the small breadth of the island, there are few rivers of any magnitude, and a large portion of the territory is subject to severe droughts. Yet the undulating surface of the country, the luxuriant verdure, and the distribution of vegetable forms, gives rise to the most varied and beautiful landscapes. Everywhere the eye falls upon some tract of cultivated or unproductive ground, the coast line, exclusive of minuter sinuosities, is about 2,000 miles. The coasts are in general exceedingly foul, presenting reefs and shallows which project from two to two and a half miles into the sea, and make the approach both difficult and dangerous. Within those reefs there is often a good sandy bench; but for the greater part of the circuit of the island the shore is fringed with a dense forest of mangroves raised above the level of the sea, subject to floods and inundations, and wet at all seasons of the year, rendering communication between the interior and the sea next to impossible, except in canoes. There are, however, good harbors and bays, on all the coasts, including Havana, one of the finest harbors in the West Indies. The mountains on the south coast part of the island present a remarkable connection with the heights of Hayti and Jamaica; and in this section earthquakes are frequently felt. The mineral riches of Cuba embrace gold, copper, silver, copperas, coal, iron, manganese, marble, slate, etc. There are mineral springs in different parts of the island, and on the north coast are extensive lagoons, which, in dry years, produce immense quantities of salt. The climate is hot and dry during the greater part of the year. Rain often descends in torrents from July to September, and occasional showers fall for a month or two before and after the rainy season. No snow is ever known to fall, but frost occurs occasionally on the highest mountains. The vegetation is exceedingly luxuriant. Forests of mahogany, ebony, cedar, fustic, and other valuable woods abound, and the plains are covered with flowers and odoriferous plants. The principal cereal cultivated is Indian corn. Two crops of it are obtained in the year. Rice is also produced in considerable quantities, also a little cotton, cocoa, and indigo, but the principal crops are sugar, coffee, and tobacco. A considerable extent of country is appropriated to cattle breeding, and to farms on which are raised vegetables, maize, molasses, grass, cassava, onions, garlic, poultry, wax, and honey. The principal fruits are oranges, pineapples, shaddocks, plantains, bananas, melons, lemons, and sweet limes; figs and white mulberries are also to be had. The following valuable domestic animals are the ox, horse, and pig, which forms a large proportion of the wealth of the island; the sheep, goat, and mule are inferior in quality and numbers. The sylvan birds are numerous and in great variety, but birds of prey are few; the principal is the bald-headed vulture, or turkey-buzzard. The only indigenous quadruped known in Cuba is the hutia, which resembles a large rat, and is 18 inches long from nose to tail without the tail. Snakes and reptiles are not very numerous. Deer are found, but are said to have been introduced. Phosphorescent insects abound, so do also those of a noxious description, including chigoes, ants, musquitoes, and a spider with a poisonous sting. 2. Rev. Jacob Duche, of Philadelphia, who afterwards became a Tory. 3. It is a colony of the Netherlands, a constitutional monarchy.

The Wheel Question Once More.

S. W., Clermont, Ia., returns to the charge as follows:

We notice in the BLADE of August 26, Mr. Harmon Allen's version of the question, "Does the top of the wheel run faster than the bottom?" Now, Mr. A., let us look this matter over together, and try to find whose brain is befogged. You start out from a false standpoint. There is practically no top nor bottom to a wheel in motion. At every revolution of the wheel, every part of the outer rim has been the top, and it has also been the bottom. Now, Mr. A., please tell me which is the top of a wheel in rapid motion? It is all imaginary; it is a delusion. Now, let us investigate your theory of a circle theory. We will adopt your own figure, "by taking a wheel and making a mark on the rim where it stands on the floor," also a mark on the floor at the same point. To make the matter more plainly understood, we will put a tape around the rim, cut it just at the mark on the wheel, and the floor; now pin one end of the tape to the floor just at the mark; now move the wheel forward just once around; the mark on the rim is on the floor again; now the tape lies the full length upon the floor; now pin the other end of the tape to the floor; now please take up the first end of the tape and bring it up over the wheel, and measure your circle of a segment. Oh! it just reaches around the wheel to mark on the rim; so your circle of a segment theory fails, when applied to a wheel. You claim that the mark on the wheel has traveled up over around the wheel, and traveled a segment of a circle, which is always longer than the cord or the line on the floor. How is it, then, that the cord or tape on the floor reaches around back over the wheel to the mark on this rim on the floor? Simply because the segment of a circle does not apply to a wheel in motion, or there is just as much segment to the circle of one side of a wheel, as the other, and you are unable to tell which is the other.

Cider.

Sub., Cherryfield, Me.:

1. Please give the modus operandi for making and keeping the very best quality of cider after the juice is pressed from the apples, and will cyder keep sweet for a long time? 2. How will make and prepare it to keep in bottles, and how soon after the juice is pressed will it be safe to bottle?

1. The Bureau, a few weeks ago, gave directions for making champagne cider. To make good cider the apples should be allowed to hang on the trees as long as the wind and frosty nights will let them. The riper they are, the better the cider. They are picked and placed in a large heap, and are allowed to lie a few days to complete the ripening process, in which the starch is converted into sugar, and if any are found bruised or rotten, put them in a heap by themselves, for an inferior cider to make vinegar. They are then rasped or ground into pulp. If the weather is cool and the apples are not quite ripe, it is better to let the pulp remain in the vat a few days before pressing out the juice. This gives the cider a higher color, makes it sweeter, and of better flavor. Eight bushels of good apples will make a barrel of cider. Do not brose apples that are specked or will make the best cider. A good form of mill consists of two longitudinally grooved wooden cylinders turned on vertical axis by a horizontal lever, and firmly supported upon a frame in which the pulp falls. The pressing may be conveniently performed by a common screw press, in which the pulp is placed in layers called cheeses, folded in straw. The juice is received in a tub or vat, and should be carefully strained before being put in barrels. It is better to let the cheeses settle down somewhat before turning the screw. If pressed too hard at first the pulp may burst out at the sides. The cheese is generally allowed to remain under the press all night, and before leaving it in the evening the screw is turned as tight as possible. On the morning additional pressure is given, and when the cider has ceased to flow the screw is turned back. As the cider runs from the vat or press, place it in a clean, sweet cask or open tub, which should be closely watched, and as soon as the little bubbles commence to rise at the bung-hole or top, it should be racked off by a spigot or faucet, placed about two inches from the bottom, so that the lees or sediment may be left quietly behind. The vinous fermentation will commence sooner or later, depending chiefly upon the temperature of the apartment where the cider is kept, as in most cases during the first week or four days. If the fermentation begins early and proceeds rapidly, the liquor must be racked or drawn off and put into fresh casks in one or two days; but if this does not take place at an early period, but proceeds slowly, three or four days may elapse before it is racked. In general, it is necessary to rack the liquor at least twice. If, notwithstanding the fermentation is carried on briskly, the racking must be repeated, otherwise the vinous fermentation, by proceeding too far, may terminate in acetous fermentation, when vinegar will be the result. In racking off the liquor, it is necessary to keep it free from sediment, and the scum or yeast produced by the fermentation. When the fermentation is completely at an end, fill up the cask with cider in all respects like that contained in it, and bung it up tight, previous to which a tumbler of sweet oil may be poured into the bung-hole, which will exclude the oxygen and prevent the acetous fermentation on the surface of the wine. Sound, well-made cider, that has been produced as above directed, and without any foreign mixture, is a pleasant, cooling and wholesome beverage; while, on the contrary, if acid or other drugs are added to the cheaply impure liquor, retard fermentation, thus adding poison to poison, producing colic, and not unfrequently incurable obstructions. 2. Preparatory to bottling cider, it should be examined as to whether it is clear and sparkling; if not, it should be clarified again, and left for two weeks. The night before it is intended to be put into bottles, the bung should be taken out of the cask, and left so until the next day, when it may be bottled, but not corked down until the day after, as, if this be done at once, many of the bottles will burst by keeping. Champagne bottles should be used, and it is usual to wire and cover the corks with tin-foil, after the manner of champagne. A few bottles may be kept in a warm place, and on applying a lighted piece of lump sugar may be put into each bottle before corking, if wanted for immediate use, or for consumption during the cooler portion of the year; but for warm weather and for long keeping, this is inadmissable. The bottled stock should be stored in a cool cellar, where the quality will be greatly improved by age. To clear and improve cider generally, take two quarts of ground horse-radish and one pound of thick gray filtering paper to the barrel, and either shake or stir until the paper has separated into small shreds, and let it stand for 24 hours, when the cider may be drawn off by means of a syphon or a cock. Instead of paper, a preparation of wool may be taken, which is preferable to paper, as it has simply to be washed with water, when it may be used again.

Carp Culture.

D. S. F., Bolivia, Ill.:

Can the Bureau give the experience of any one engaged in carp culture, as a guide to others wishing to embark in the business?

A convention of carp-growers was recently held in Morrow county, Ohio, presided over by Solomon Horst, of Morrow county. The proceedings:

The president stated the object of the meeting was to discuss and receive the experience of carp-growers, and read a letter from W. A. Day, of Blakesburg, Iowa. The president gave some of his experience. He got twenty carp from the government in the spring of 1880, and will make the best cider. A good form of mill consists of two longitudinally grooved wooden cylinders turned on vertical axis by a horizontal lever, and finally supported upon a frame in which the pulp falls. This gives the cider a higher color, makes it sweeter, and of better flavor. Eight bushels of good apples will make a barrel of cider. Do not brose apples that are specked or will make the best cider. A good form of mill consists of two longitudinally grooved wooden cylinders turned on vertical axis by a horizontal lever, and finally supported upon a frame in which the pulp falls. This pressing may be conveniently performed by a common screw press, in which the pulp is placed in layers called cheeses, folded in straw. The juice is received in a tub or vat, and should be carefully strained before being put in barrels. It is better to let the cheeses settle down somewhat before turning the screw. If pressed too hard at first the pulp may burst out at the sides. The cheese is generally allowed to remain under the press all night, and before leaving it in the evening the screw is turned as tight as possible. On the morning additional pressure is given, and when the cider has ceased to flow the screw is turned back. As the cider runs from the vat or press, place it in a clean, sweet cask or open tub, which should be closely watched, and as soon as the little bubbles commence to rise at the bung-hole or top, it should be racked off by a spigot or faucet, placed about two inches from the bottom, so that the lees or sediment may be left quietly behind. The vinous fermentation will commence sooner or later, depending chiefly upon the temperature of the apartment where the cider is kept, as in most cases during the first week or four days. If the fermentation begins early and proceeds rapidly, the liquor must be racked or drawn off and put into fresh casks in one or two days; but if this does not take place at an early period, but proceeds slowly, three or four days may elapse before it is racked. In general, it is necessary to rack the liquor at least twice. If, notwithstanding the fermentation is carried on briskly, the racking must be repeated, otherwise the vinous fermentation, by proceeding too far, may terminate in acetous fermentation, when vinegar will be the result. In racking off the liquor, it is necessary to keep it free from sediment, and the scum or yeast produced by the fermentation. When the fermentation is completely at an end, fill up the cask with cider in all respects like that contained in it, and bung it up tight, previous to which a tumbler of sweet oil may be poured into the bung-hole, which will exclude the oxygen and prevent the acetous fermentation on the surface of the wine. Sound, well-made cider, that has been produced as above directed, and without any foreign mixture, is a pleasant, cooling and wholesome beverage; while, on the contrary, if acid or other drugs are added to the cheaply impure liquor, retard fermentation, thus adding poison to poison, producing colic, and not unfrequently incurable obstructions. 2. Preparatory to bottling cider, it should be examined as to whether it is clear and sparkling; if not, it should be clarified again, and left for two weeks. The night before it is intended to be put into bottles, the bung should be taken out of the cask, and left so until the next day, when it may be bottled, but not corked down until the day after, as, if this be done at once, many of the bottles will burst by keeping. Champagne bottles should be used, and it is usual to wire and cover the corks with tin-foil, after the manner of champagne. A few bottles may be kept in a warm place, and on applying a lighted piece of lump sugar may be put into each bottle before corking, if wanted for immediate use, or for consumption during the cooler portion of the year; but for warm weather and for long keeping, this is inadmissable. The bottled stock should be stored in a cool cellar, where the quality will be greatly improved by age. To clear and improve cider generally, take two quarts of ground horse-radish and one pound of thick gray filtering paper to the barrel, and either shake or stir until the paper has separated into small shreds, and let it stand for 24 hours, when the cider may be drawn off by means of a syphon or a cock. Instead of paper, a preparation of wool may be taken, which is preferable to paper, as it has simply to be washed with water, when it may be used again.

Trade Winds.

O. S. N., Curtis, Neb.:

Please give a short explanation of the trade winds of the Gulf Stream.

To answer your question in a few words, there are primarily but two great atmospheric currents; from the poles to the equator, and from the equator to the poles. The earth's rotation around its axis from west to east, and the air moving over latitudes whose speed is greater or less than its own, causes, in the northern hemisphere, the polar or northerly current to deviate more and more toward the west as it traverses successive latitudes, and the equatorial or southerly current to make a similar deviation toward the east in its northward flow, giving rise to a system of winds respectively from the northeast and southwest, which, from their constancy and the advantages they presented to early navigation before steam was employed, were aptly called "trade winds." In the Atlantic these winds have the most regularity and uniformity of speed.

The Gulf Stream is one of the great currents of the ocean which play so important a part in the economy of our planet. The primary causes of these currents are the sun's heat and the rotation of the earth. In the equatorial regions a depression in the surface of the water is produced by the enormous evaporation which is filled up by an inflow of water from the polar regions where there is an overplus, due to the immense quantities of ice and snow. This southward movement of water is accelerated by the trade winds. The ocean currents obey the same law that governs the atmospheric currents—that of deviation in direction in crossing successive latitudes. The Gulf Stream is the best known of oceanic currents, and is of most importance to commerce and the climate of certain portions of the earth. Great Britain, France and adjacent countries owe their mild temperature and agricultural wealth to its influence.

Newspapers and Periodicals.

M. W., Downs, Kan.:

Will you please inform me how many papers are published in the United States? When was the first paper published? How many papers wholly devoted to temperance?

Following are the latest statistics at hand, taken from the census report of 1880 and Rowel's Newspaper Reporter for 1885:

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Total No. of Dailies, 1880.	Total No. of Weeklies, 1880.	Total No. of Periodicals, 1885.
Alabama	7	111	137
Arizona	6	11	34
Arkansas	6	107	141
California	59	254	405
Colorado	29	65	155
Connecticut	17	100	286
Dakota	9	57	96
Delaware	5	20	32
Dist. Columbia	5	23	60
Florida	5	40	96
Georgia	16	163	215
Idaho		7	23
Illinois	75	771	1,066
Indiana	40	459	559
Indian Terr		3	7
Iowa	30	511	687
Kansas	21	311	473
Kentucky	11	169	204
Louisiana	13	94	118
Maine	12	92	136
Maryland	15	112	174
Massachusetts	39	283	531
Michigan	33	201	502
Minnesota	10	206	304
Mississippi	5	110	127
Missouri	43	418	643
Montana	4	13	37
Nebraska	15	165	318
Nevada	2	22	30
N. Hampshire	14	97	110
New Jersey	27	165	243
New Mexico	3	15	33
New York	116	891	1,547
N. Carolina	13	145	180
Ohio	55	502	809
Oregon	7	59	79
Pennsylvania	100	679	1,098
Rhode Island	8	31	51
S. Carolina	12	70	91
Tennessee	12	152	203
Texas	31	229	372
Utah	5	10	27
Vermont	5	72	73
Virginia	20	122	216
Washington	4	24	59
West Virginia	2	97	121
Wisconsin	21	283	397
Wyoming	3	7	15
United States	980	8,718	13,494

Total number of periodicals published in English, census 1880, 10,625; total number of periodicals in foreign languages, census 1880, 778; periodicals devoted to news, politics and family reading, census 1880, 8,596; religious periodicals, 574; agricultural periodicals, 162; periodicals devoted to general literature, 146; periodicals of all other classes, 1,705; number of copies of periodicals printed in census year 1880, 1,344,991,295; number printed in weekly of periodical publishers, census year 1880, 825,571,330; value of products of the periodical press, census year 1880, $87,441,132.

On April 24, 1704, appeared the first newspaper published in the United States, the Boston *News-Letter*, although in September, 1690, an adventurous printer had made a like attempt in the same town, the publication of which was suppressed by the authorities, and only one copy is now known to be in existence. The Roman *Acta Diurna* were issued, it is said, 691 B. C. In modern times a *Gazetta* was published in Venice, about 1536. The first real newspaper published in England, the *Public Intelligencer*, was established in 1663.

Miscellaneous.

S. J. T., Portage, O.: Write to the commission of patents, Washington, D. C.

A. W., Nachusa, Ill.: Wisconsin is an Indian name, and means "wild, rushing channel."

Sub., Council Grove, Kan.: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O., for books on any subject.

Sub., Middlefield, O.: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. Same answer to all others inquiring about books.

Sub., Quaker City, O.:

Who ran against Wilson, the present governor of West Virginia?

Maxwell, fusion candidate; Wilson's majority, 4,978.

F. N., Oxford, Ia.: The largest piece of ordnance in use is a gun finished in 1885 by the Krupp Gun Works of Essen, Ger., for the Italian government. It weighs 130 tons, takes a 600-pound powder charge, and throws a 2,600-pound ball.

C. W. S., Maltese, Fla.: Perhaps none of Scott's novels could be strictly called historical, although several of them are based upon or interwoven with historical incidents. Such are "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Talisman," "Woodstock" and "Rob Roy."

E. A. B., Toledo, O.:

1. Please give the origin of the phrases "To the manner born," "Hoist by his own petard." 2. Also the derivation and true meaning of the word "mansotte."

1. Both from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." 2. An Italian word, meaning good luck, or the bearer of good news. Mascotte is feminine; mascot masculine.

M. B., Sparta, Ill.:

1. Please tell me the origin of the saying, "Carry coals to Newcastle." 2. Give the pronunciation of the name Bouton.

1. Newcastle, England, is one of the principal coal shipping ports. To "carry coals to Newcastle" is to take a supply where there is an abundance, and hence is supreme folly. 2. "Bouton" is accented on the first syllable, and the "Bou" is pronounced to rhyme with, "how," "now," etc.

M. G. S., Highland, Ala.: The great fire in Chicago occurred on the 9th of October, 1871. Nearly 2,100 acres of land were burned over and 18,000 buildings were destroyed, of which 2,400 were stores and factories. The greatest length of the burned district was three and three-quarters miles, and the greatest width over a mile. About 100,000 people were rendered homeless by the fire. The loss of property was estimated at $192,000,000 after deducting $4,000,000 for salvage on foundations of buildings. The contributions sent in from all parts of the country amounted to $4,200,000 in cash within three months after the fire.

Reader, Hooley, Mich.: The Union Pacific Railroad company controls the greatest length of line of any company in the world. It runs from Council Bluffs, Ia., to Ogden, Utah, with branches, is 1,831.9 miles in length. The Canadian Pacific has the longest main line in the world, from Callender to Fort Moody, being 3,025 miles long; with branches it has a length of 3,994 miles. The Northern Pacific has a main line of 1,674 miles, from Superior, Wis., to Wallula Junction, W. T. Its entire system, owned, leased and operated is 2,546.84 miles. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul operates owned and leased lines to the extent of 4,564 miles; the Chicago & Northwestern, 4,763.25 miles; the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific 3,549.5 miles; the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 3,471.67 miles.

Dora, Oakton, Ky.: Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick county, Md., August 1, 1779. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and commenced the practice of law in Frederick City. Subsequently he removed to Washington, where he was for many years district attorney of the District of Columbia. He wrote a number of songs, but he is chiefly known by the national lyric "The Star Spangled Banner." The author was detained on board the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, in the war of 1812, and while anxiously watching for the result of the attack the idea of this poem occurred to him. It was partly written before he left the British ship. A collection of his poems in England, by Lyon, was published in New York in 1857. In 1874, the millionaire, James Lick, of San Francisco, gave $150,000 for a monument to Key, to be erected in that city.

Sub., Dunkirk, N. Y.: The United States naval academy is located at Annapolis, Md., The academy is under the direct care and supervision of the navy department. There are to be allowed in the academy one naval cadet for every member of the house of lords and of representatives, appointed at his nomination, one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large by the President. The number of appointments which can be made is limited by law to 250 each year, as examined by the secretary of the navy, after competitive examinations, the cadets being from 14 to 18 years of age. The successful candidates become students of the academy, and receive $500 per annum. Cadets who graduate are appointed in the order of merit to the lower grades of the line and engineer corps of the navy and of the marine corps, as fast as vacancies occur; but such appointments cannot be made in excess of vacancies, and graduates who receive no appointments get an honorable discharge, with one year's sea pay. The course of instruction is thorough, involving a close pursuit of mathematics, steam engineering, physics, mechanics, seamanship, ordnance, history, law, etc. The course of instruction lasts six years, the last two of which are spent at sea. Questions regarding the naval and military academies have been answered so often in this department that old subscribers may think it is done for the purpose of advertising the institutions, but such is not the case. As a matter of fact, only about one question in fifty on these subjects is answered.

The Praise of Sozodont,

Like the famous article itself, is in almost everybody's mouth. The people know that it preserves as well as beautifies the teeth. Hence it is the standard Tooth Wash of the period.

THE TALE OF A TAB.

A Piece of Pasteboard on a Coat Brings Forth a Pretty Romance.

A nice little romance leaked out yesterday in city hall. One would hardly suspect any of the active and energetic employes of the city, found in that building, to be involved in a love affair of an unusual order, yet such has proven to be a fact and possibly in the near future one of the most gentlemanly and capable of the city department clerks will be married to a young lady who lives among the pineries of Maine.

Several weeks ago—this gentleman, known in this transaction as Eugene Reading, bought a dark gray Norfolk summer coat while making a flying trip to Boston. On the inside of the collar of the coat was fastened the manufacturer's tab bearing the insignificant characters, "Lot 21733, B. 38." When Reading tore the tab off his eye caught some writing on the side which had been next to the coat. He read "Melissa Polley, West Bowdom, Maine." He put the tab into his pocket, transacted his business and a couple of weeks after his return to Pittsburg decided to make a test of this gentle hint to mankind in general. He wrote a letter to Miss Polly, in which he told her that he had discovered her name on the tab and congratulated her upon her excellent workmanship, saying that one who could sew so neatly must, indeed, be a young lady of other commendable and lovable qualities. He emphasized his sincerity by calling her "pretty tailoress" and professed the strange awakening within his heart of something akin to genuine regard, if not affection, for the lady who had made the garment.

MELISSA IS MASHED.

The letter carried safely, and in due time came the following frank yet modest reply:

WEST BOWDOM, Me., Aug. 13, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND:—I received your letter of congratulations and thought I would thank you for it; and I hope the coat is made nice. But I should like to know what kind of a coat it is—if it is a Norfolk. As to the "pretty tailoress" there is no such word in the book; but I do not know what the male sex would do if it were not for the old maids to do their tailoring. So I will close with many thanks and lots of good wishes. Yours truly,

MELISSA S. POLLEY.

P. S.—You say you purchased your coat some time ago. Have you been thinking it over all this time? Excuse me for being so saucy, but I hope your heart is not settled. MELISSA.

Mr. Reading has evidently "got it settled," and, if any doubt had remained in his mind, the gentle hint in the postscript had wiped it away, for the return mail carried a letter full of "burning words" and such other nonsense as a lover or one ambitious for this position is apt to use. A correspondence followed, and letters passed each other going and coming between them at an average of twice and then three times a week. That voluminous correspondence is quite interesting, but of a strictly private nature—as all love letters profess to be.

LIKE MANY OTHERS.

The conclusion finally reached by the young Pittsburger, who had received ample encouragement in his suit, was that life would be burdensome without his "pretty tailoress," for she has really proven to be such from her picture, which he got one day last week; and, after all, the term "old maid," which she had applied to herself, was a ruse to test the interest of her Pittsburg admirer. She has his picture, and from the dissertation she wrote upon it has certainly concluded that her strangely captured lover is a man of handsome face and kindly features, for she writes: "If you are just half as good as you look I am proud of your professed admiration and interest in me."

That sentence is what clinched the matter as far as Reading was concerned. He immediately wrote a proposal of marriage and asked that her acceptance or refusal be by telegram. Yesterday he received the following:

"Eugene Reading: Yes, with pleasure. MELISSA."

The overjoyed lover almost hugged the district boy who delivered the letter to him, and after reading it over and over, wrote the following with a trembling hand:

Good; I am coming as soon as I can get a leave of absence.

And just now there is a clerk about the city hall who is fretting under restraint, and every day he prays his chief of department for a vacation of two weeks to go to Maine and marry his "pretty tailoress." There are many people, but this young man is most hardened among his associates are both envious of and piteous for their friend's condition; yet all wish him luck.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Testimony of the Monuments.

The Christian world is getting rather tired of the cobweb historical and antibiblical criticisms spun by the German critics. They are fast being dispelled by the spade and pick-axe. It was apparently proved that Homer was a myth, and ancient Troy a delusion. Yet Dr. Schliemann has disinterred the captured city, found traces of the fire which destroyed it, and proved that the Iliad and ancient tradition were right in designating its site and surroundings. Genesis and Daniel, both alleged publications of a later age, have been shown to be so minutely in accordance with their professed eras that the professed hypothesis of posthumous invention becomes incredible. And now Jeremiah is added to the list of true prophets, for the digging at Tahpanhes has made it evident that he was thoroughly acquainted with the architectural details of Pharaoh's palace. We might greatly extend the list of Scriptural confirmations, but enough has been cited to show that evidence has been dug from the soil which overthrows many a carefully elaborated hypothesis of the skeptical theologians of the Fatherland. A good deal more is to follow, for the work of exploration and disinterment is yet in its early stages. Thus far not a single discovery has shaken the accuracy of Holy Writ, while light has been thrown upon a few obscure passages, and the complete truthfulness of important statements has been demonstrated. There was never greater reason for cheerfulness among the defenders of the faith. Every rescued monument adds a new stone to the walls about Zion.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

—Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 per year for both publications, the Magazine, under its large and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of beautiful gold colored picture cards sent to any one for 10 cents. Address C. J. Gilmour 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis Mo.

The Dainty Cuban's Pretty Foot.

In the physical beauty of the Cuban woman the commanding features are the foot, whose daintiness and symmetry are marvelous; the supple, willowy grace of movement of person; then exquisitely molded form, and the eyes, which never lose their lustre and glow. Cuban women wear shoes no larger than the No. 1 size for women in the states. Nor is this diminutive size the result of any pinching process. She is born that way. She is the most graceful woman on her feet, in her walk and carriage, in the promenade, or in the dance you ever saw. Of her form—it is perfection. Nine women out of ten you meet are models of symmetry. There is a greater delicacy in line and proportion. They do not so torture their persons or themselves.

Sensational charges of theft of $100,000 made against city officials of Detroit in purchase of park and bridge site property.

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AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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SCROFULA

Humors, Erysipelas, Canker, and Catarrh, Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

I do not believe th[at] Ayer's Sarsapari[lla] has an equal as a [blood] for Scrofulous [humors]. It is pleas[ant] to take, gives streng[th] to the body, and p[roduces] a more perm[anent] result than a[ny] medicine I ever us[ed].—E. Haines, Lindale, Ohio.

I have used Ay[er's] Sarsaparilla, in [my] family, for Scrofu[la] and know, if it [is] thoroughly eradicate[d] this terrible disea[se].—W. F. Fowler, Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years [I] have suffered wi[th] Erysipelas. I ha[ve] tried various remedi[es] for my complaint, but[t]er. Special found no relief unti[l] I commenced usi[ng] Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bo[t]tles of this medicine I am completely cure[d].—M. C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarr[h] which was so severe it destroyed my [s]ense of smell and weake[n]ed my system. After trying othe[r] remedies, without re[l]ief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few month[s] was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 100 Albany st[.], Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to an[y] blood purifier that I ever tried. I hav[e] taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Sal[t] Rheum, and receive[d] much benefit from i[t]. It is good, also, f[or] a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, Bradford, Mass

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Circulation Last Week, 123,000.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE trade reports for the past week indicates a steady gain. The forecasts made for some time in these columns of a large and profitable fall trade, are in process of being verified. From the Western distributing centers come reports of brisk trade and in large volume. Everything points toward a steady recovery from the period of depression for several years past. Much ground has already been gained, for one has only to look back to the dark days of the winter of 1884-85 and compare commercial and industrial conditions now with those then existing to see the vast improvement. There is a genuine, healthy boom coming—not a period of unhealthy excitement and unlimited expansion, but of a legitimate extension of manufactures and commerce to supply the legitimate demands of the people, who are in better condition to buy than they have been for two years past.

THE official estimates of the principal crops, just completed from returns collected at the end of August, indicate an additional relative expansion in the central district, while the others, especially in the principal areas of production, are decidedly lower. The corn prospect shows an increase in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee and Ohio, while it has been lowered 5 to 13 per cent. in a month in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Michigan, where more than half the crop is ordinarily produced. The department estimates roughly, however, that the crop will amount to "nearly 1,600,000,000 bushels," which is about 350,000,000 bushels less than last year, but with a surplus of old corn, possibly 150,000,000 bushels larger than that at the last corn harvest. The department also increases its previous estimate of the wheat yield in the central area of the states, while cutting it down some in the spring wheat states; indicating from the former an increase in the aggregate yield from the gain in the central district by about 10,000,000 bushels as compared with the August estimate. The present estimate is about 445,000,000 bushels. The cotton crop outlook is put 1 per cent. higher than a month ago, indicating a probable yield of 6,000,000 to 6,250,000 bales.

THE chief point of interest in the Connecticut campaign is the effort of W. H. BARNUM, of "seven-mule" fame, to capture the legislature for the Democrats and himself, in order that he may be chosen to rattle around in the seat now so well filled by Gen. HAWLEY, of Hartford. We have too much faith in the intelligence of the people of "the land of steady habits" to suppose that they will consent to the shame of being represented in that body by such a fellow as BARNUM.

IOWA Republicans are bound to force the fighting. They will open their state campaign on September 23 with a great mass meeting in the most central point of every congressional district.

THE full returns from the Vermont election show a Republican majority of 18,363, in a total vote only 2,073 less than the total vote of 1884. The third party Prohibitionists increased their vote by 80, the total being 1,832. The Republican plurality over the Democratic ticket is 20,580, only 1,593 short of BLAINE'S majority in 1884. The Greenbackers polled a total of 295 votes. There is no comfort for the Democracy in these figures.

PROF. POWELL'S preliminary reports show that the land area of the recent earthquake was 900,000 square miles, or one third the total area of the United States. The shock traversed this distance in fifteen minutes.

THE Southern people are incensed at the lack of interest manifested by the administration in the misfortunes of Charleston. The War department refuses to send more than 100 tents, and Pres. CLEVELAND is too busy with his pleasures in the Adirondacks to send even a word of sympathy.

ONE-THIRD of the population of Charleston, S. C., is receiving aid.

THE acting land commissioner has made a decision adverse to the claim of the Atlantic & Pacific railway to 98,000 acres of land in Missouri.

THE Philadelphia mint is coining silver dollars at the rate of 300,000 per day. Out of the $2,000,000 worth of silver that is coined per month they make 2,800,000 silver dollars—a nice little profit for the government, but which the people will lose some day.

THE scarcity of small coin throughout the country has led Supt. FOX, of the Philadelphia mint, to ask Assistant Secretary FAIRCHILD for permission to re-issue the old 3-cent nickel and 1-cent bronze pieces now stored in the treasury vaults.

BEECHER has recovered from his illness, and will give the people of Glasgow, Scotland, a taste of his quality as a preacher next Sunday.

THE complete Vermont vote is as follows for governor: ORMSBEE (Rep.), 37,681; SHURTLEFF (Dem.), 17,091; SEELY (Prohib.), 1,832.

THE new silver certificates will be issued in about a month, and then we will have an abundance of $1 and $2 notes. It is believed that about $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 additional silver will be put into circulation by this means. We do not think so. The silver dollars are cumbersome, and the result of the issue of these notes will be the wholesale return of those now in circulation to at least the full amount of the certificates issued, and the volume of hand-to-hand currency will not be increased at all. The paper money is much more convenient than the cart-wheel dollars.

COMPTROLLER DURHAM'S ruling that a public official for whom the law provides a substitute or deputy to discharge the duties when he is absent from the city cannot order his private secretary to accompany him into retirement at the public expense, will cause the disallowance of the expense account of Sec. MANNING'S stenographer. It is understood that the Comptroller explains that he did not mean to hit his chief, but was aiming for somebody else.

IT is difficult to see what the third-party Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania really want, and why they placed a state ticket in nomination. The Republicans of that state pledge themselves to submit a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution to a vote of the people. The Democrats refused to make such a pledge. There is not the remotest possibility that the third-party ticket will be successful. In this state of affairs, common sense would dictate that the friends of Prohibition should throw their united strength for the Republican ticket, as that party is pledged to do all that the third party could possibly do, even if it were successful. The division of forces has the direct effect of aiding the Democracy to defeat Prohibition. Such action by the third-party men is simply stupid, if they are earnest in desiring Prohibition. It looks, to an unprejudiced observer, as if their only purpose is to defeat the Republicans and perpetuate the reign of whisky.

THE band of hostile Indians under GERONIMO numbers, all told, 22 bucks, fourteen squaws and three children. One of the children is a baby, which was born while the Indians have been out on the warpath. Their capitulation, and deputation to some point whence it will be impossible for them to go upon the war path, ends all Indian troubles in the section which has so long been cursed by their presence.

THE Republicans of Wisconsin have nominated Hon. JEREMIAH M. RUSK for governor, and adopted a clear, outspoken platform. They are going into the fight to win.

MR. SEDGWICK has completed his peculiar investigations at the city of Mexico, and has gone to Chihuahua to examine the records in the CUTTING case, having procured authority to do so from the Mexican government. Let us hope he will not also attempt to paint Chihuahua a vivid carmine.

THERE will be one lone Democrat in the next Vermont Senate.

THE Treasury department is canceling large amounts of small bills, in order to force silver out of the vaults of the department. There is said to be more silver in circulation than ever before.

THE disposition to be made of GERONIMO and his savage band will not be determined upon until after the return of the President. There is great rejoicing in army circles over the capture of the band, which, it is said, will end a war which has lasted for twenty-five years.

ALTHOUGH the Democratic Congressional campaign committee may be short of funds, such shortage furnishes no valid excuse for sending through the mails a pamphlet of 104 pages, labelled, "Public Document, U. S. Senate, Part of Congressional Record, Free." There is a penalty for this kind of thing, and it should be enforced.

THE interest of the public, both in Great Britain and elsewhere so far as British politics are concerned, now centers around the fate of Mr. PARNELL'S bill which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, greatly to the disgust of many of the Conservatives, gave the Irish leader permission to introduce. This he did last Friday night, and a severe contest over it is expected. That it will be hotly opposed, so far as the influence of the landlords extend, is apparent. Event the certainty that unless something is done a winter of terrific distress, of numerous evictions, and of consequent outrage and crime will probably make no difference with the result. Lord SALISBURY and most of his colleagues, Lord HARTINGTON and a great part of the Liberal Unionists are declared to be against it, but Lord CHURCHILL is inclined to make some concession.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is said, has been summoned to return and take part in the struggle about commencing. He has sent back a favorable answer, and is, therefore, likely to be upon the ground soon, to bring to bear his inimitable skill as a statesman. It is not, however, likely that the bill can pass in its present shape, but the Parnellites hope for a compromise. The Tories would not be averse to bringing about a state of things in Ireland that would make coercion excusable, and thus render another long and bitter struggle in the House of Commons inevitable. It is impossible now to predict what will be done in the matter, but the contest over the bill will begin as soon as the supplies are voted.

BULGARIAN matters are still in too unsettled a condition to allow of any determination of what the future may be. Prince ALEXANDER has returned home to his father's principality, leaving the government in the hands of a regency. The latter has made definite demands of the Russian government which may be outlined as follows: First, to give the name of the candidate for the Bulgarian throne whom Russia favors; second, a formal promise that Russia will not occupy Bulgaria; third, that the present constitution be maintained, the freedom of Bulgaria respected, and the country allowed to manage its domestic affairs; and, fourth, that if Russia sends a general to Bulgaria, he must act merely as minister of war, and organize the army under Bulgarian, not under Russian officers. These demands have been telegraphed to St. Petersburg, and it is reported that Russia has assented to the chief of them.

THERE is, however, no doubt, but that Russia designs, if she does not formally annex Bulgaria to her possessions, to acquire such a power and influence there, as to prevent any dispute of her passage to Constantinople, whenever she gets ready to make the attempt to go thither. She knows it is not likely that either England or Austria will tolerate any such arrangement. A sharp defiance to England was thrown out by the demand of the Russian official press for her to define her position and declare for peace or war, and this was coupled with the assurance that so long as she is supported by none of the other Powers, whatever she may say will have no weight in the matter.

THE way in which this challenge was met in the House of Commons was by an official announcement that the strategic railroad through the Bolan Pass was finished to Quettah, and its continuation to Kandahar was going on. At the same time, notwithstanding this apparently defiant reply, unless the war feeling should be much more strongly aroused by a further movement of Russia, it is likely that the matter will end there, as Great Britain already has as much as she can manage at home. Austria has managed to let England understand that she will not cordially acquiesce in the Russian programme. Meanwhile, Germany, as yet, remains quiet.

THERE is something wrong with the social conditions in France.—There is a steady decrease of the excess of births over deaths in that country. This surplus was 108,239 for 1881 and but 85,464 for 1885. Still the latter figures are not the most discouraging, as in 1884 the surplus was but about 79,000. In England in 1883 there was a surplus of 367,000 births in an estimated population of 25,770,744. As between 1874 and 1884 the marriages in France fell off from 304,113 to 284,519, and, as immigration is very limited, the outlook for the future of the French people is not the most encouraging.

NOVA SCOTIA is still grumbling over her compulsary union with Canada, and recently, it has become more pronounced than ever. This is because the tariff there, which compels them to buy the products of the upper provinces, and has about ruined their coasting trade with the United States. There does not appear to be any way out of their trouble.

THE Greenlanders are making war upon the fishing interests of the United States by refusing to sell bait, and by the officials prohibiting the fishermen from trading with the natives or landing.

Mr. Blake, of "The Future," Follows Up His Past Predictions With Others.

C. C. Blake, in the September number of *The Future*, says:

At the date of this writing there is nothing in nature, aside from astronomical calculations, to indicate with unerring certainty, what the weather will be next winter. But astronomy, not astrology, does furnish a mathematical base for making the computation, though it is no child's play to carry the calculations through to a successful conclusion.

In August we stated that the drought would be the rule and rain the exception, with a few places where the storms would be severe. Of September it may be said: There are few places that have been and will be missed by the local storms for several months in succession, and in such places the crops will be nearly ruined. In some states and parts of states the drought will be relieved by local storms in one month, and in other places the following month, while a few places will be fortunate enough to have local showers each month.

But while the rule will be a general drought till October, yet it might almost be said that the drought will begin to terminate the last of August, as several local storms will then occur. But they will not be general rains, and in some places the drought will be more severe in September than any other month, though after about the middle of the month the storms will grow more extensive till the first of October.

Neither frost nor drought will hurt corn much in September, as "it is hard killing a dead lion," and King Corn will be a corpse in most places before the first of September. At first I estimated the damage to the corn crop at 40 per cent, but it now looks as though it will exceed that.

October will produce very fair weather with considerable rain and some severe storms; but in a portion of the country the drought will continue till about the end of October. It will be rather warmer than the average in most of the country, though there will be some cool spells.

November will be a stormy month, though the storms will be mixed with a fair amount of pleasant fall weather. There will be plenty of rain in most places and excessive in some places, with cold snaps and severe frosts.

While December may start in cold, yet it will not last, as it will be warmer than November till about the 20th, when winter will set in in dead earnest with a blizzard. While it will not be very wet in the Northwest, yet there will be a large amount of rain, with floods South and East before the blizzard starts. I do not, however, think this first blizzard will be quite as severe as that of last January.

After about December 20, 1886, winter will continue with unabated and increasing fury till April, 1887. But it does not necessarily follow that each day will be colder than the preceding day. There will be several mild spells, with rain in the South, but there will be nothing that could be called a "thaw" during the entire winter after December 20.

February will be cooler than January, and while March will not be quite so cold as February, yet it will be a cold, stormy month.

There will be considerable snow with numerous severe snow blockades in the North and much rain in the South during winter; but the snow will not be evenly distributed, and some places will not have enough snow to protect the winter wheat, or to make good logging, though these places will be exceptions after winter is fairly started. This long, cold, following the present drought, will cause a great deal of suffering to the poor, but by having such timely notice of the coming winter's severity most people can prepare fuel, food, clothing and shelter in time to avoid much suffering, and it is the part of the rich and intelligent to care for those less fully favored.

While there will be rain enough to make good fall feed in some localities, yet the stormy weather in November will in many places put an end to pasturing, and necessitate early feeding.

Add to this fact that stock will enter winter in poor condition on account of short grass this summer, and it will be seen that it will take a large amount of feed to keep stock through the long and severe winter; hence farmers should save all the feed they can, as it will all be wanted before grass grows next spring. The corn crop is short and so much will be needed for feed and this winter, in addition to that much will be used for fuel during the worst weather, that but very little corn will be on hand next summer—probably not enough to keep hogs and horses till corn grows again.

Farmers will therefore see the necessity of holding what surplus corn they may have, as it will all be needed in their own neighborhoods in most places at better prices than they can get by shipping it. The same will be true with oats. Western Kansas, part of Nebraska, and a few other limited localities where the rain does not cross will have a "boom" if they hold their corn through the severe winter for high prices next spring. As to the lumber trade, it is difficult for me to tell whether the ground will freeze in the swamps before the snow falls or not. I think, however, that in the northern camps there will be considerable snow in November before the swamps are frozen. I also think that in many places this first snow will disappear in December, and that the swamps will not freeze very deep before the December snows come.

I advise ice dealers to sell their old stock of ice if they can find buyers, as they will have no difficulty in getting all the ice they want in February as far south as Cairo, Ill., though it will probably not be over ten inches thick at Cairo, while at Dubuque, Iowa, it will probably be from twenty-four to thirty inches thick by the last of February, when it is not covered with snow.

In most places in the northern states there will be no peaches next year, as the severe winter will kill the buds; but I cannot tell how far south it will be cold enough to kill peach buds.

While there will be frosts extending to the Gulf and to Florida during the winter, yet I do not expect the blizzards to extend to Florida as severe as they did last January.

The Best Wash for Her Pretty Face.

The Princess of Wales has been accused of enamelling to preserve her beauty, and a London paper denies that her Highness ever uses anything more than powder and a milky wash for the face at night. The care of the complexion is a question of vital importance to every woman, and should be; but cleanliness must always come first. I have seen at balls, in the city, fashionable women, whose necks were begrimed with dirt, one passée widow, who has long since passed the age when the majority of men and women are compelled to wear eye-glasses, but who will not succumb to any such signs of age, uses her back half dye in such a way that portions of her neck are always more or less smeared. Another fashionable woman of my acquaintance has never been invited a second time, to visit at several rather nice houses, because, on her first visit her hair dye, and various cosmetics stained the pillow cases and towels with which she came into contact. If any fair readers care for an excellent wash for the skin, which will prevent wrinkles, let them wash their faces every night in scalding hot water with a little bi-carbonate of soda dissolved therein, and after carefully drying, rub on a little sweet oil, or cream. This was recommended by a well known physician to a lady *de par le monde.—Town Topics.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Unequaled.

DR. R. M. ALEXANDER, Fannettsburg, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equaled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

Who was the Correspondent?

MRS. A——went into the kitchen one morning and informed Ellen that Mr. Thompson, a neighbor and prominent resident, had committed suicide. Ellen looked at her with an expression of mingled astonishment and disgust, and said: "Oh-h-h, mum, has he? Wid who?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported being at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE THROAT. Naturally he feels grateful

THE Democratic papers are rending their garments over what they call a "waving of the bloody shirt" by Mr. BLAINE in a recent speech. The utterance alluded to was one charging the Southern Democrats with disfranchising six million of the Southern population, thus enabling them to cast from thirty-five to forty votes in Congress to which they have no moral nor legal title, and no title at all except that which is founded upon force and fraud.

This is "waving the bloody shirt," according to the Democratic Northern doughface and lickspittle press. Very well; but *isn't it true?* It is a remarkable fact that not one of these mudsill sheets has denied *the fact* stated by Mr. BLAINE. They merely shriek because he dared to mention it. With all their truckling and sycophancy to their Southern masters, they dare not deny the truth of the charge.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

Maine has spoken, and the Democracy gnash their teeth in defeat. The utmost power of the party in the state, reinforced by the influence of the national administration, was put forth to capture the state and destroy JAMES G. BLAINE. The third-party Prohibitionists were in the field with a full ticket, under the leadership of their two most noted leaders—NEAL DOW and ST. JOHN, with "Kill the Republican party" for their watchword. They had the hearty and active sympathy of the Democratic managers of the state campaign, for it was plain that they would draw their strength from the Republican ranks. Everything was done that could be done to weaken the Republican vote, because of the indications involved in the contest, which were, briefly, as follows:

First, it was looked upon to decide the question whether the Republican party is stronger or weaker in the East than it was in 1884. It would decide whether the possession of the national administration had strengthened the Democracy of the East. It would show whether the third-party Prohibitionists are likely to grow into a great party of themselves, or not. And, lastly, it would indicate the feelings of the Republican party toward JAMES G. BLAINE since the Presidential contest of 1884.

The result is a complete overthrow of all Democratic hopes and aspirations. The hardy freemen of the Pine Tree state took "a day off," and went to the polls to express their views on all these questions by their ballots. The New York *Herald* expressed the opinion, the day before the election, that the total vote of the state would not exceed 120,000, and that it would not be surprising if it fell below that. The total vote Monday was about 137,000. The total vote in 1884 at the presidential election was 129,509; at the state election of the same year it was 140,436, while at the state election of 1882 it was 143,853.

A very full vote was out, and the Republicans swept the state by a plurality over the Democratic ticket of 12,000 to 14,000. Every Congressional district was carried by the Republicans, and they also elect from two-thirds to three-fourths of the legislature, and their county officers in at least fourteen of the sixteen counties of the state. In the face of the forces and influences arrayed against them, it is a most triumphant vindication of the Republicans.

The third party Prohibition vote was about 3,500, while ST. JOHN has 2,143 in 1884. So small a gain as this, after a most tremendous effort, in which every county in the state was stumped in their behalf, with ST. JOHN and NEAL DOW as leaders, and with the active sympathy and co-operation of the Democratic managers, should convince any sensible man that third-party Prohibition is not destined to cut any important figure in national politics as a direct force.

The Maine contest has settled this point. It has also shown that Republicanism depends for its strength upon the honest convictions of the voters, and not upon the possession of national power, and that the party is as strong as ever down East. It shows that the Democracy are no stronger than before they accidentally dropped into power; and it also significantly shows that JAMES G. BLAINE is still a power with the people, and that the defeat of 1884 has not weakened him in their estimation.

The new Republican governor is JOSEPH R. BODWELL, of Hallowell. The Representatives to Congress are all Republicans who are re-elected: First district, THOMAS B. REED, of Portland; Second, NELSON DINGLEY, of Lewiston; Third, SETH L. MILLIKEN, of Belfast; Fourth, CHARLES A. BOUTELLE, of Bangor. "As goes Maine, so goes the Union!"

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SALOON PLATFORM.

The anti-saloon Republican conference at Binghamton, N. Y., appointed delegates from that state to the national anti-saloon conference at Chicago on September 16, and adopted a series of five resolutions, which we give in full for the information of those desiring a knowledge of the full scope of the movement:

We, Temperance Republicans of the state of New York, in convention assembled, do make this declaration of our position and our convictions:—

First—We believe that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is the source of a greater amount of misery, vice and crime than any other agency of evil in modern times, and that the influence of the saloon in politics is a chief cause of demoralization and corruption, and we therefore hold that it is the supreme duty of the state to adopt such practical measures as shall abolish the sale of liquors as a beverage and sweep away the saloon altogether.

Second—Past history has proved that the only efficient sources of political power are the two great established parties, and there is no case on record where any reform has been accomplished by a new party organized for that purpose except as it combined with others. We therefore demand of the Republican party, to which we are proud to acknowledge allegiance, that it shall take a firm and decided stand in favor of temperance and against the saloon, and that when in power it shall adopt and enforce measures for the restriction and, at the earliest possible moment, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Third—The fundamental principle of our governmental system is that the people shall rule; it has also been demonstrated by experience that prohibitory measures can only be enforced where public sentiment upholds them. We therefore declare it as our opinion the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic is to let the people decide the question whether it shall be permitted or prohibited by the submission of a constitutional amendment in the whole state and by local option in the several parts of the state.

Fourth—We pledge ourselves as Republicans to do our utmost to cause the party to plant itself squarely and boldly upon a platform favoring the submission to and adoption by the people of a constitutional provision which shall outlaw the saloon and prohibit the manufacture of the intoxicating beverages in which it deals and to enforce rigidly the popular will when it shall have been expressed, and we call upon all temperance men and all friends of humanity of whatsoever party or name to join us in securing these objects.

Fifth—As the Republican party has therefore achieved its great success by its advocacy of high moral principle and with the help of the moral and intellectual forces represented in the churches, schools and colleges of our country, we believe that it will win in the future by the same honorable course and by allying itself with the same elements which have been and are the secrets of its power and the hope of its existence.

THE state constitution of Missouri prohibiting the consolidation of competing railroad lines, a fight is going to be made in the courts of that state to break up the great Southwestern pool. It is argued by the state's attorney that a pool is in effect a consolidation of interests of competing lines, and hence is obnoxious to the spirit of the above-mentioned clause of the state constitution; and it is further argued that the railroads composing the pool received aid from the state, counties or municipalities with the understanding that there should be a wholesome competition in rates and business between them. The attorney general of the state has accordingly begun suit in Kansas City against all Missouri railroads in the pool mentioned, demanding its dissolution, and an order prohibiting any and all of them from entering into any bargain or combination to divide business. The case will be tried in October. The people of the whole country will earnestly hope that the ground taken by the attorney general may be upheld.

THE present administration is good at one thing, and that is, going off on a junket. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, good Democrat that it is, raps Secs. WHITNEY and ENDICOTT over the knuckles for being away so much. It declares that they are absent from their places of business so much that their present prolonged absence occasions no remark. Furthermore it says:

It is said to be a fact that the present Cabinet officers have taken more leaves of absence than those of any previous administration. The secretary of war does not spend one-third of his time at his office, and the secretary of the navy is continually traveling between New York city and Washington.

THE EARTHQUAKES.

The severest earthquake known within the limits of the United States, since the great shocks of 1811 in the Mississippi valley, is the series of shocks during the past week, from which Charleston, South Carolina, has suffered so severely. While the destructive effects were limited to the states of South Carolina and Georgia, the first shock, which was the strongest, was felt from the Atlantic to points as far west as Iowa, and from the great lakes to the gulf. In extent of territory affected, this is one of the greatest convulsions recorded in history.

There has been a great deal of discussion over the nature and cause of this seismic phenomenon. The theory most favored is this: The granite formation which forms the backbone of the Alleghenies underlies the whole of the continent between the mountains and the Atlantic. At a line generally corresponding with the highest tidewater point in the rivers of that region, this great granite ledge takes a rather sharp downward bend, and slopes like the roof of a house downward to the sea, and under it for an unknown distance. The geologic formation of the portion of country from the beginning of this downward slope, is of composite rocks, drift, and alluvial formations, with an average thickness at the coast of some 3,000 feet. The tendency of this enormous mass is to slide down the granite slope on which it rests. The theory spoken of is, that a seaward slip has actually taken place, this slip being the earthquake.

There are many things which go to corroborate this theory—among them, the fact that all the observed phenomena of the shock can be explained on this hypothesis; that the affected area has never exhibited any volcanic phenomena whatever and there are no old craters or other evidences of volcanic disturbance in the past; and that no volcanic earthquake ever shook so enormous an area of country. It is further believed that the cause of the slip was the gradual overloading of the coast plain, through many centuries, probably, by the action of the rivers in bringing down sand, mud and detritus from the mountains and piedmont region, which is deposited in the valleys and at their mouths, where they reach the sea.

There is one fact, however, that seems to be overlooked in the calculations of the scientists who have adopted this theory. While it accounts fully for all the phenomena observed on the coast plain, the only portion of the country where any destruction resulted, it does not explain why the shock should have been plainly felt over a tract of country three or four times as great in area to the west and northwest of the Alleghenies. It seems incredible that a mere slip, though over so vast an extent, should cause so much greater an area to tremble in unison. It is far more probable that the cause of the slip was some convulsion in the earth's melted interior, beneath the great granite sheet of rock, and that the "slip," if there really was one, was caused by it. Perhaps the most frank and trustworthy utterance that has yet been made by a scientific man, is the following from Prof. SWIFT, of Rochester:

You will see a great many theories set forth in the next few days. Look them over, and you will see that the word absurd will fit them all. Now, take the theory that the earthquake is caused by the displacement along a line of weakness in the earth's crust, beginning somewhere south of Raleigh, and extending in a line along the tide-water past Richmond, Baltimore, Washington and Troy. This shock was felt, probably, over an area of 1,000,000 square miles. This theory could not, therefore, explain the cause. Electricity has nothing to do with the earthquake. There is fire in the interior of the earth, and this, in some way, causes earthquakes, but how it operates to produce shocks no one yet has discovered.

THE "WHEEL."

There has been much said this year about a mysterious new political organization in the Southwest, called the "Agricultural Wheel," with headquarters in Arkansas. It claims to have 40,000 Arkansas voters in its membership, and also that the Knights of Labor had affiliated with it, materially increasing its voting strength. Had the members of the "Wheel" all voted its ticket, the Democrats would have been defeated in Arkansas. But the result shows that only a sprinkling of the membership stood by the "Wheel" at the polls.

The lesson of this is, that the masses of the people will not leave their party affiliations to vote on a single idea. No party has ever risen to enduring power on the strength of a single issue alone. Here is a moral for our third-party friends. It might be possible for a single campaign to be carried in this way—as witness the Know-Nothing party of the early half of the '50's; but enduring success can not be obtained. People have their own ideas about what is the main issue of a campaign, and the issue which our third-party friends believe to be the supreme one is not so considered by a large majority of the people. Let them learn wisdom from the Arkansas "Wheel" campaign.

IN a speech a few days ago at Bangor, Maine, Mr. BLAINE made a few sharp and truthful remarks about the case of Dakota—kept knocking at the door of the Union "although she has ten times the population certain Southern states had when they were admitted." What made the wrong more flagrant and intolerable, he remarked, was the fact that thirty-five to forty of the Democratic votes in Congress which helped exclude Dakota were votes to which the Democratic party had "no more title, nor legal title, nor constitutional title,—no title at all except that which is founded upon force and fraud." He was aware, he said, that the continued discussion of this matter was deprecated by many as useless if not unwise. But it seemed to him that the worst possible thing that could happen—the most deplorable and destructive—would be a quiet acquiescence all around in the outrageous proceeding by which the vote of the black citizen in one great section of the country is wrested to the support of a party "whose success is his lasting injury." Against that wrong Mr. BLAINE announced his purpose to protest as long as he had a voice left. He said:

The refusal to allow the colored men to vote, and the cool appropriation of their electoral strength by the white men, has become the common custom and the common law of the south, and will remain so until some great moral shock shall awaken those people to the enormity of the offense. It will read very strangely in the future history of the United States that a minority of the white citizens of the country could neutralize and destroy the 6,000,000 colored people, seize their representative and electoral strength and control the administration of the national government against a large majority of the unintimidated legal voters. And yet that is what is going on in the south, and what has gone on in the south ever since 1877.

SO IT seems that the United States has only 75 tents it can spare for the houseless thousands of Charleston, without the interposition of a vast lot of red tape. The President is junketing in the Adirondacks, and has either no time or no inclination to give ear to the cry of suffering humanity. Gov. HILL, of New York, is doubtful if he has authority to send shelter tents. So much for a Democratic President and governor. But the Republican Gov. FORAKER, of Ohio, sent tents at once, and was not bothered about his right. It was the call of humanity and duty; he responded, and the sentiment of the whole people of the state and the Union applaud him.

THE BLADE has just received a note from Mr. ALBERT GRIFFIN, of Manhattan, Kan., the prime mover in the anti-saloon Republican conference at Chicago on the 16th, in which he says he has just received notice that the Republicans of Mississippi will send a delegate to that body. This makes the sixteenth state which will be represented there. He also states that Bishop IRELAND has signed the call for the Minnesota state conference.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT INDIANS.

The report that a demand had been made by the Mexicans for the release of JERONIMO, his escape, and the thought of his bitter hatred of the whites, gives those who are interested in the Indian question food for reflection. When tales of the massacre of white settlers by the "red devils," as they are often called, reach the consciousness of the people, the first feeling that is aroused is that they ought to be exterminated. It is not any sense of justice that says this, but one of resentment and fear, mingled with the contempt for the Indian's mental and moral nature that has always been a part of the judgment of the white population. A few philanthropists look over the ground dispassionately and see where the savages have been wronged, not only by private individuals, but also by the government whose duty it was to extend to them its protection in their natural rights.

A writer, William Barrows, D. D., in a late number of the *Andover Review* discusses the question of "Do the American Indians Increase or Decrease?" and gives some very cogent facts to show that they are gradually dying out, and that the time is not far distant when they will probably disappear from this continent, thus forever settling the Indian problem. He points to the significant record of the Indians in Massachusetts, the shreds of ten tribes, in all 1,500 persons, but "among them all not one drop of pure Indian blood, no civil rights at the polls; intemperate, immoral and unambitious." And this was as long ago as 1861. The Wyandots once numbered 30,000. They now count but a few score. Once the Delawares were the fear of Pennsylvania. In 1880 they numbered 78. South Carolina once had 28 tribes. In 1880 it had 131 Indians. And so the record goes on, showing that the Indians east of the Mississippi in 1820 numbered, as officially reported, 120,346, while in 1880 they counted but 15,366.

The same steady diminution has taken place west of the Father of Waters. It is a pathetic story, that of the agencies, which are almost without exception made up of remnants of once powerful tribes, now reduced to a few scores. The following gives some idea of this:

In 1845 Elijah White, Indian agent for Oregon territory, reported there "about 42,000 Indians." That territory embraced the Oregon, Washington and Idaho of to-day, and all north up to 54 deg. 40 min. As only "civilized" Indians are entered in the census of 1880, and the agencies report only what are connected with them, a comparison with reference to increase or decrease can be only suggestive and approximate. For so much of the original Oregon as now lies within the United States, the Indian commissioner's report for 1880 gives 10,396. Of these, 1,530 are reckoned as not under an agent. The number of the uncivilized is not given, but allowing for these and for any north of 49 deg. in Mr. White's report, the difference is still very great between his estimate in 1845, of 42,000, and the reported number of 10,396 in 1880. The statements of two agents are stimulating to reflection on this difference. The agent for the Grande Ronde agency, Oregon, says: "The Indians composing the inhabitants of the agency are remnants of the numerous and powerful tribes occupying the Willamette and Rogue river valleys in this state." This agency has 869 Indians, the remnant of seventeen tribes. The agent of the Siletz agency, Oregon, reports: "The Indians comprising this jurisdiction of country number about 1,100, and are composed of the remnants of fifteen different tribes."

We obtain a glance at the large body of Indians in Oregon in the early days by reading a passage like this: "Half a century ago they came by thousands, and the desolate shores were alive with them. * * * Now only a few score Indians remind the visitor that a remnant of the race still lives." The author is speaking of the salmon fisheries on the Columbia, at the Dalles.

The worst feature about the story is that in every case demoralization followed the advent of the whites among them, that while in their free life they were savages, when brought into contact with civilization they became brutes, and in many cases this low moral condition seemed to follow the planting of missions among them. This was conspicuously so in California, when they became in effect slaves, being reduced "to a wretched state of bodily and mental bondage."

It is a matter of humiliation that this country, with its boasted advanced thought, and its wise laws, with the "best and freest government the sun ever shone upon," should have failed so utterly to deal wisely with this people. There have been many Geronimos whose sole ambition seemed to be to wreak vengeance upon the enemies of their people. Civilization has utterly failed to do any thing for them, except to destroy them rapidly.

In the closing paragraphs of the article the writer utters a few truths in the presenting of which some sarcasm is mingled, but at least they are well worth thinking of. He says:

In the wasting and disappearing of these ancient and primeval races we cannot too much admire the benevolence and the Christian tenderness with which we are covering their last days and smoothing their trail into the twilight. It is the present highest attainment of our civilization to watch and comfort the dying, till death comes, no matter how imbecile or useless or degraded the departing may be. But if our civilization has done its best, and fails to save any of these old tribes, in their separateness, while it appropriates their lands and vitiates their blood till it runs out, and saves only geographical names as memorials, some of its praise must be abated. The civilization which cannot make citizens out of Indians, or the religion which cannot make Christians out of the aborigines, must become modest in its pretensions; and, reasoning from our own home and experiments, it may become a question how far we can make a success in those lines among the inferior in foreign lands. If American Christianity and American civilization can do their best only by easing and greasing the extinction of the East Indian, and Turk, and Chinese, and Hawaiian, preparatory to the supremacy of an English-speaking people over their ancestral domains, the theory of Christian missions has failed to prove orthodox.

In this home work and threatened failure nothing can be charged off on the government as a force separate from the people. For all practical purposes they are one and the same. The national government on the Indian question is only an *alias* for the people. Probably in the cool, historic period which is coming, where old states and new, and base and border lines shall be blended and the provincial be ruled out by the national, it will appear that civilization and religion had hard times at the front, with scant encouragement, and the Indian their neighbor degenerated. For the good of the red man and of the border white man there has been too much East and too little West, and very much foreign, in the divisions and appointments of our benevolent work and in our popular enthusiasm. Very likely the progressing failure in our civilization and Christianity to save the Indian races will by and by be properly traced, not to any inherent weakness in the systems, but to their unfortunate administration. It is to be devoutly hoped that we will not be too late in the discovery that the household phrase, Home Mission, means for this new and broad continent, the United States, a power to make a nation to order. Providence has given out the order, and if it is not filled the responsibility must come on those having the management of the work.

RED CLOUD, an Indian chief, has been expressing his ideas about the effort to civilize his race. He says, with refreshing frankness: "What we want is white men to plant our corn, hoe it, harvest it, and put it into the barns which they will build for us. Warriors don't work." That is the old Southern doctrine. The slave oligarchy didn't work. What they wanted were negro slaves to plant and harvest their crops, that they might live upon the proceeds. RED CLOUD would have made a typical F. F. V. of the ante-bellum period.

DR. T. C. MENDENHALL, an Ohio man, once professor of natural science in Ohio state university, and now of the scientific department of the Signal Service bureau, who spent three years in organizing the polytechnic department of the old university of Japan and Tokio, has accepted the presidency of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, at Terre Haute, Ind. Dr. MENDENHALL succeeds the late Dr. CHARLES O. THOMPSON. The school was founded by the late CHAUNCEY ROSE, and is in a most flourishing condition.

FROM the queer result produced by the earthquake at Augusta, Ga., it seems that there was either a landslide during its progress, or a settling and readjustment of relative heights; for the conformation of the country has been changed so that houses that formerly could not be seen from the business part of the city are now in full view.

AS TO CRIMINAL NEWS.

A correspondent in the city drops a note to the BLADE to complain that he did not see in its columns an account of a recent defalcation by the clerk of a grocery firm, and also of a late case of larceny by an employe of a hardware establishment. Assuming that these things were not contained in the BLADE, he proceeds to read us a lecture fort he omission, which seems to call for some discussion on our part.

First, as to the facts: The first affair mentioned was published in the BLADE at the time of its occurrence, omitting the young man's name. This was done at the urgent request of some of his friends—not for the young man's sake at all, but because it was represented to us that his mother's health was in a precarious state, and the publication of her son's disgrace—which was, at that time at least, unknown to her—might have serious consequences. The second occurrence had been prepared for the compositors, but was withheld at the request of certain persons who claimed to know, and who pledged themselves, that the accused was innocent, that the affair was a bit of spite-work, and that it would be made clear upon his examination. This was not done, and the BLADE afterwards published the facts in the case.

Now, the whole burden of our correspondent's complaint opens up a most interesting question, as to what a newspaper should do in this class of cases. We do not believe in shielding an evil-doer for his own sake. He evidently don't care for his own reputation, or he would not allow himself to enter upon a criminal course. But what would our correspondent's view be, if the culprit in either of these cases, had been his own son, or his own brother? Would he have been

Medical Bureau.

Rules for These Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

3.—No answers will be sent by mail, in any case whatsoever, so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature and cause of the disease. This will enable us to prescribe more definitely.

All queries will be answered strictly in the order received.

Cases for Treatment.

The following embrace all letters received up to August 24, that comply with the conditions printed above. All others are thrown into the waste-basket:

176.—Mrs. J., Endicott, Wash. Ter.: Intense itching at anus, gradually extending up rectum. A case of itching piles. Use the following suppository:

Morph: sulph.....5 grains.
Ext. conii.....15 grains.
Ol. theobroma, q. s. to make 15 suppositories.

Introduce one into the rectum whenever the itching is troublesome. Keep the bowels open, and avoid indigestible food, and irregularity in eating and drinking. Bathe frequently.

177.—R. C., Gilroy, Santa Clara, Cal.: Hay fever for 30 years, from April to latter part of August of each year.

Hay fever is a disease that has no absolute specific. The use of cocoine gives more relief than anything we have ever tried. It is put up by manufacturing chemists in tablets, each containing 1-6 of a grain of hydrochloride of cocoine. Have your druggist order them for you. We have used Wyeth's. They are not a patent medicine, but are put up for physicians' use. Obtain 24 tablets; push one up each nostril to the bridge of the nose. Leave them in position until they dissolve. Do this every 3 hours the first day; as the cure progresses, use at greater intervals.

Ed.—All persons who have written to us concerning hay fever will please use the above prescription. It is the best we can offer.

178.—H., Vinson, Ore.: Sunken breast bone in a child.—If there is real deformity, the advice of the best surgeon attainable should be had at once. The longer it is left, the worse it will be. We cannot treat cases in the BLADE that can not be reached by medical prescription.

179.—R. E., Salida, Colo.: Sciatics in right hip.—Take the following:

Quinine sulph.....1 drachm
Aqua ammonia, dilute, q. s.
Tincture aloes.....½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. gentian, q. s. ad.....3 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every four hours.

177.—T. T., Bedo, O.: Distressing spells of sneezing since 7th, with discharge of clear mucus from nose; working in dust, exposure to draft, etc., brings it on.—Use treatment in case 177.

180.—A. J. R., Collyer, Kan.: Seminal weakness.—This can be cured, if it has not gone to the extent of producing a complete paralysis of the vesicles in which the semen is stored. These vesicles must be toned. Treat the cause, severity, and complications. The most common cause is self-abuse. If this be the cause in this case, the habit must be instantly and entirely stopped. Subsequent treatment will depend largely upon the state of the constitution. If the patient is florid in complexion, stout of build, and otherwise in active bodily health, he should avoid all excess in eating, drinking and smoking. Be regular in habits of retiring and rising, not sleeping too many hours. Sleep on a hard bed, with as little cover as possible. He must not sleep upon his back. To prevent it, tie a towel around the body, with a hard knot in the middle of the back, so that if he gets upon his back it will wake him up. The frequent use of cold baths on retiring is beneficial.

If the patient be weak and sickly, a generous diet, accompanied by strict attention to hygiene, avoiding excessive labor or exercise, and using no tobacco, tea and coffee.

To restore the organs to a healthy condition, the following prescription is excellent:

Strychnia sulph.....2 grains.
Dilute phosphoric acid.....1 ounce.
M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day.

In cases complicated by extreme prostration of the sexual powers—great debility—the following is useful:

Citrate of iron.....2 drachms.
Quinine sulph.....32 grains.
Acid. sulphuric, dilute, q. s. to dissolve.
Comp. tinct. cinchona, q. s. ad.....3 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful before each meal and before retiring.

The bowels should be kept regular. A free evacuation should be had daily. Avoid all impure thoughts, improper literature, or anything that would tend to excite the passions.

If the patient passes at night, the use of the following suppository is a cure:

Ext. hyos.....20 grains
Ext. belladonna.....15 grains
Ext. conii.....5 grains
Ol. theobroma, q. s. to make 10 suppositories.

Introduce one into the rectum whenever the itching is troublesome. Keep the bowels open, and avoid indigestible food, and irregularity in eating and drinking. Bathe frequently.

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Hay fever is a disease that has no absolute specific. The use of cocoine gives more relief than anything we have ever tried. It is put up by manufacturing chemists in tablets, each containing 1-6 of a grain of hydrochloride of cocoine. Have your druggist order them for you. We have used Wyeth's. They are not a patent medicine, but are put up for physicians' use. Obtain 24 tablets; push one up each nostril to the bridge of the nose. Leave them in position until they dissolve. Do this every 3 hours the first day; as the cure progresses, use at greater intervals.

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If the patient be weak and sickly, a generous diet, accompanied by strict attention to hygiene, avoiding excessive labor or exercise, and using no tobacco, tea and coffee.

To restore the organs to a healthy condition, the following prescription is excellent:

Strychnia sulph.....2 grains.
Dilute phosphoric acid.....1 ounce.
M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day.

In cases complicated by extreme prostration of the sexual powers—great debility—the following is useful:

Citrate of iron.....2 drachms.
Quinine sulph.....32 grains.
Acid. sulphuric, dilute, q. s. to dissolve.
Comp. tinct. cinchona, q. s. ad.....3 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful before each meal and before retiring.

The bowels should be kept regular. A free evacuation should be had daily. Avoid all impure thoughts, improper literature, or anything that would tend to excite the passions.

If the patient passes at night, the use of the following suppository is a cure:

Ext. hyos.....20 grains
Ext. belladonna.....15 grains
Ext. conii.....5 grains
Ol. theobroma, q. s. to make 10 suppositories.

Introduce one into the rectum whenever the itching is troublesome. Keep the bowels open, and avoid indigestible food, and irregularity in eating and drinking. Bathe frequently.

181.—Jeff., Delaware, O.: Blind fistula, about 2 inches long; discharges white matter continually; patient constipated, and suffers from piles.—This is a surgical case, and we cannot treat it by mail. Consult the best surgeon in your locality.

182.—C., Carthage, Mo.: Fin worms in male patient aged 28.—Use the following injection:

Oleum terebinthina.....½ ounce
Mucilage gum acacia, q. s. ad.....2 ounces

Inject a syringeful three times a day, after the bowels, until trouble is no longer experienced.

183.—P., Sylvania, O.: Unfortunately, your case is one needing the personal services of a physician. It cannot be treated by mail by any one.

184.—Subscriber, Luana, Iowa: The trouble is with the woman, probably uterine in one, and this is the cause of the suppression spoken of. On account of the extremely irritable condition of the stomach, the greatest care must be exercised over the food, taking nothing which excites the stomach. The use of indigestible food, such as fat meats, vegetables, and fruits, must be abstained from, and the diet confined to milk and crackers, or milk alone. This will do more to aid the healing process in the stomach than anything else. The regulation of the bowels by injections of salt and water, or water alone, will also tend to counteract the congested condition of the stomach. Use the following medicine:

Subnitrate bismuth.....4 drachms.
Iodyvin.....4 drachms.
Tannic acid powder.....80 grains.
M. Make 16 powders. Take one before each meal. To re-establish the menstrual function, take the following:

Fl. ext. ergot.....½ ounce.
Tinct. aloes.....½ ounce.
Tinct. cardamom, comp.....2 ounces.
M. Take 10 drops every 2 hours, steadily, except when asleep, until the desired effect is produced. This may be also promoted by the use of hot sitz baths every night before retiring.

185.—Parent, Mt. Vernon, Iowa: Obstinate constipation, in the case of a months.—The habitual use of injections is more injurious to so young a child than medicine. Give the following:

Tinct. aloes.....1 drachm.
Ext. nux vomica.....5 grains.
M. Take 24 pills. Take one pill after each meal.

204.—H., Detroit, Mich.: General debility.—Take the following:

Pills of phosphorus, iron and nux vomica, (P. D. & Co., No. 50).

Take one pill 4 times a day. Regularity in eating and drinking, and in all habits of life is indispensable. Avoid indigestible food, such as pork, cabbage, etc. Retire early, and rise as soon as you waken in morning. Do not eat for at least 3 hours before retiring. Frequent bathing and friction with flesh brush or coarse crash towel, with regular exercise in moderation, will be beneficial.

205.—A. E., Fort Recovery, O.: *Petit mal* in child of 10 years. Give the following:

Potass. bromid.....2 drachms
Simple elixir, q. s. ad.....3 ounces.

Make a solution. A teaspoonful every 6 hours.

206.—C. B., Watrousville, Mich.: Rush of blood to head, favored by recumbent position on retiring to bed, producing mild epileptiform convulsions.

Take ammonia bromid.....2½ drachms
Syrup tolu simp., q. s. ad.....2 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful in a wineglassful of water 15 minutes before retiring at night. The use of mild laxatives to promote free action of bowels is indicated in this case.

207.—Conn., Stamford, Ct.: Sulphur in diphtheria. Is it or other inert body—absolutely useless. Tobacco is of questionable benefit.

208.—M., Stamford, Conn.: For spermatorrhœa, etc., the treatment given in case 180 is the best we know.—The "galvanic" and "electric" belts, suspensories, etc., are humbugs, and are useless. Electricity, applied by an intelligent physician, by means of a galvanic battery, or statical electricity, is of use in some forms of disease.—The rectum will absorb certain remedies into the general circulation.

209.—Tom, Little Hocking, O.: For pin worms, refer to case 182. "Pruritus"—not a disease; it is a symptom. It merely means "itching," which may be due to a great variety of causes. Without a diagnosis, we will prescribe.

210.—East Liverpool, O.: Spasmodic asthma is, as a rule, incurable. Relief may be obtained by the following:

Take extractum conii,
Ext. stramonii,
Ext. lobeliæ purpurii,
Ext. nucis vomicæ, of each 5 grains.

M. Divide into 20 pills. Take one pill every 2 hours, when paroxysms are impending or present. Rupture cannot be cured without a surgical operation.

211.—Zanesville, O.: Nasal catarrh. Follow treatment of case 118.

212.—Grandma, Del Norte, Colo.: Brick dust deposit in urine, heat and pain in various joints of body, pain in kidneys, slight febrile disturbances, etc.—This condition is what is known as "uric acid" or rheumatic diathesis. Take the following:

Acetate potassæ.....½ ounce.
Liquor potassæ arsenitis.....2 drops.
Tinct. gentian.....2 ounces.
Spiritus æth. nit.....1 ounce.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

M. Teaspoonful every 4 hours. Avoid the use of fruits, lemons, vinegar, or anything containing acid, until troublesome symptoms are removed.

213.—A. M. J., Dicksonburg, Pa.: Thrush, or *magnet*, in a child of 14 months.—Give the following:

Liquor potassæ arsenitis.....1½ drachms.
Simple elixir, q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 4 times a day. Apply the following mouth wash, by means of a camel's hair brush or feather, to all parts of inflamed surface within reach:

Biborate soda.....½ ounce.
Honey.....1 ounce.
Tinct. golden seal.....½ ounce.
Aquæ dest.....q. s. ad., 8 ounces.

M. Apply with brush to the mouth. For the mother, use the same prescription as the last, doubling the biborate of soda.—For catarrh in a child of 5 years, use the following:

Tannic acid.....2 drachms.
Glycerine.....1 ounce.
Aquæ dest., q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

M. Inject into the nose with a nasal syringe.

244.—W. M., Circleville, O.: Catarrh.—Use treatment for case 118.

215.—N. W., Grafton, Kan.: Please give best treatment you know for whooping-cough.—Why the whooping-cough is what is known as a "classical disease," running a specified course, the intensity of the paroxysms may be lessened by the use of the following:

Quinine sulph.....10 grains.
Pulv. glycyrrhizæ rad.....100 grains.

M.—Divide into 20 powders. Give 1 powder dry on the tongue, 4 times a day, for a child 5 years old. The quinia can be increased or lessened, as the child is older or younger.

216.—Subscriber, Topeka, Kan.: Constant desire to urinate; unable to retain urine for very long time, in woman of 36; constipation of bowels.—Impossible to tell cause of disorder, as history of case is incomplete. It is, however, probably due to retroflexion of the uterus, for which it will be necessary to consult an experienced physician.

217.—L., Stark, Ill.: Chins clay, or kaolin, can be ordered by your druggist of any wholesale drug house.

218.—C. O. F., Cisco, Ill.: A succession of boils.—Take the following:

Tincture aloes and senna.....1 ounce
Simple elixir, q. s. ad.....3 ounces

M. Take 30 drops 3 times daily. Avoid eating fatty foods, drinking malt or spirituous liquors, and the use of tobacco in any form. Make frequent use of the warm bath.

219.—Mark, Lower Lake, Cal.: An effusion in the mouth from the stomach, especially after eating a hearty meal.—A symptom of one of the numerous forms of dyspepsia. Take the following:

Solæ et potass. tartrat.....100 grains
Aquæ chloram.....1½ ounces
Elixir calisaya, comp.....1 ounce
M. Take a teaspoonful before each meal. Avoid excess or irregularity in eating. Do not mix consistents with food.

220.—S., Pilot Rock, Ore.: Dyspepsia and vomiting of several years' standing.—Take the following:

Lactopeptine.....2½ drachms.
Iodyvin.....2 drachms.

Make 12 powders. Take 1 powder 15 minutes before eating. Keep the bowels freely open by the use of mild laxatives.

221.—Mrs. A., Sioux Rapids, Iowa: Catarrh in child 8 years; wetting the bed.—For the catarrh, this treatment of case 218, the second prescription; for the urinary trouble, for directions of case 8, making the dose only ½ a teaspoonful.

222.—O., Mallesnburg, O.: Urinary trouble.—Follow treatment of case——.

223.—Mary, Argos, Ind.: Right ovary swells when ever patient catches cold.—Your trouble is probably neuralgic in character, and is aggravated by taking cold, and exhaustion from nursing the child. It may not be necessary to wean him, but feed him partially, so as to diminish the drain upon yourself. Take the following:

Quinias sulph.....32 grains.
Ext. nux vomica.....6 grains.
Aloin.....2 grains.
Ext. conii, q. s.

M. Make 20 pills. Take one pill 3 times a day.

224.—"No. 1," Manatawny, Pa.: Rheumatism in man of 58.—Take the following:

Salicylic acid.....3 drachms.
Pilocarpin. muriat.....½ ounce.
Vini colchici.....1 fluid ounce.
Elixir simplex, q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

M. Take a teaspoonful 3 times a day.

225.—Patience, Carrollton, Mo.: Irregular menstruation of several years' standing, resulting from a taking cold at menstrual period when 17; catarrh.—Use the following injection for the irregularity:

Sulphate zinc.....8 ounces.

Divide into 30 powders. Dissolve 1 powder in a quart of hot water, and inject into the vagina night and morning.—For the nasal catarrh, use this:

Tannic acid.....1 ounce.
Glycerine.....1½ ounces.
Aq. dest., q. s. ad.....½ pint.

M. Inject a syringefull into the nose, by means of a posterior nasal syringe, morning and night.

226.—Subscriber, Jerusalem, Ohio: Removal of superfluous hair.—See case 168.

227.—Wide Awake, Port Sanilac, Mich.: Rheumatism.—Use treatment in case 224.

228.—Mrs. S., Cushing, Iowa: Coated tongue, bitter taste in mouth on rising; dizziness.—Malarial trouble. Take the following:

Quinia sulph.....32 grains.
Pulv. capsici.....20 grains.
Aloin.....3 grains.
Ext. nux. vomica.....5 grains.

M. Divide into 24 pills. Take one pill 3 times a day. Continue for 2 months.

229.—C., Quincy, Mich.: Displacement of uterus.—A physician must be consulted to replace it, and this should be done at once. For the other symptoms, use the vaginal injection given in case 225, first prescription.

230.—G. W. W., Eau Claire, Wis.: We can recommend no hair restorative that contains lead, as does the one you mention. Use this instead:

Sulph. zinci.....1 drachm.
Tinct. cantharidis.....1 ounce.
Oil origanum.....1½ ounces.
Alcohol.....3 ounces.
Bay rum, q. s. ad.....½ pint.

M. Apply to the scalp once a day.

231.—Mrs. B., Menomonee, Wis.: General female debility.—Take the following:

Strychniæ sulph.....1½ grains.
Quinine sulph.....32 grains.
Tinct. ferri, muriat.....3 drachms.
Vini gentianæ, q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

Make a solution. Take a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water 3 times a day.

232.—E., Eyota, Minn.: Severe asthma in a boy of 13.—To obtain relief, take the following prescription:

Take ext. conii,
Ext. hyos.,
Ext. belladonnæ, of each.....3 grains.
Quinine sulph.....20 grains.

M. Divide into 24 pills. Take 1 pill every 2 hours when paroxysms are impending or present. This should not be continued longer than until 3 pills are taken in 1 day, as it might be injurious.

233.—C. A. D., Eldon, Ia.: Deafness in child of 3 years.—It is necessary to consult a competent aurist. The cause is not given in your letter.

234.—V. H. W., New Waverly, Ind.: Innigestion.—Take this:

Lactopeptine.....2 drachms
Pulv. gentian.....1 drachm
Carbo. vegetabilis.....1½ drachms

M. Make 18 powders. Take 1 powder after each meal. Continue for 2 months and report.

235.—Matron, Potsdem, N. Y.: Rheumatism.—Use treatment given in case 224.

236.—Henry, Highland, O.:—Use treatment given in case 180.

237.—T., Yuma, Kan.:—Use treatment, case 180.

237.—H. S., Salem, Ill.: Enlarged and irritable tonsils; eruptions on the body.—The trouble with the tonsils may be cured by having a portion of each cut off by a competent surgeon. The eruption possibly depends upon an impure state of the blood, and may be helped by an abstemious diet, and taking this prescription:

Tinct. aloes.....½ ounce.
Elixir hypophosphites of iron, quinia and strychnia, q. s. ad.....4 ounces.

M. Take a teaspoonful 3 times a day.

239.—U. M. C., Petersburg, O.: Case of hypochondria in elderly lady, aggravated by neuralgic pains from tumor on wrist, and indigestion. Take this:

Fellows's compound syrup of the hypophosphites, 8 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful every 4 hours. If general health is fair, considering the age, have tumor removed by a good surgeon.

240.—S. J. H., Cattaraugus, N. Y.: Rheumatism in lower limbs; chronic pharyngitis.—For the rheumatism, take treatment given in case. For the throat, use the following gargle thoroughly morning and night:

Tinct. muriate of iron.....½ ounce.
Tinct. benzoin.....2 ounces.
Saturated solution chlorate potassa, q. s. ad.....8 ounces.

M. Gargle with one tablespoonful thoroughly, morning and night, and afterwards rinse out the mouth thoroughly with water.

THEY HAD FORGOTTEN HER.

"He Mourns the Dead Who Lives as They Desire."

The twilight of a peaceful summer day was merging into evening, and I still lingered in the City of the Dead. It was not a city of silence. From bush and tree, and green sward came voices of birds and insects, while the robin, from the topmost bough of a graceful elm, sang so sweetly, so loyally, so devoutly, that I leaned on a stone, and, with uncovered head, followed his song as I would have followed a prayer.

One by one the stars peeped out, and when the robin ceased I found myself repeating, as so well befitting the time and place:

"— The sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

I cast a last look upon the little graves that held so much of my world, and slowly began my walk away from them, when I fancied I heard sobbing. Tears of sympathy came into my own eyes as I said, "Heaven send her comfort." Then I thought "How hard it is to leave these silent homes of our loved ones."

I wandered slowly on, the sounds of weeping became more distinct, and I felt that I, who knew so well the worthlessness of words, might simply say, "Let me weep with you!" or at least, "Your sorrow is deep; weep on."

As the darkness fell the white stones stood out clearer before their background of bushes and grass. Some sudden fancy made them look like ministering spirits hovering near the ground, and I was permitting my imagination to carry the fancy farther, when again the sobs sounded on the air and very near me.

"It is getting late, dear madam," I said, "and we two are the last of the large train of mourners. Calm your sorrow and return to the living who need you."

She made no answer. Her figure was but faintly outlined near the stone standing at a neglected grave. Surely, I said to myself, it is long since she buried her loved one there, and life must indeed be hard if she is still mourning so bitterly. Again made respectful suggestion, but she was unconscious, and I linger longer in these silent grounds when she said, her face still bowed, but in words distinct and wonderfully sad:

"Oh, sir, they have forgotten me!"

Surprise and pity filled my soul.

"She had been left behind!" Her friends, I thought, and she was probably unable to find her way out of the labyrinth of walks and plats! A more distressing situation for a timid woman could not well be imagined.

"Permit me, madame, to guide you safely home. I am exceedingly happy that my staying here so much beyond the usual hour enables me to assist you."

"Nay," she said, "you cannot help me. I was buried here——"

My heart stood still! She "was buried here!" Was she a lunatic, or was I in the presence of a ghost?

"I was buried here; they wept over me; they sent messages of love and remembrance; they wove me into their life and thoughts; and I was happy. But the cord that bound us has loosened, and severed; they have forgotten me!"

"No, no!" I said, vehemently. Her anguish was so real, be she lunatic or ghost, that I felt my soul rise in arms against her charge. "No, no; that cannot be. Life must be lived, labor must be done; men must work and wait and weep, and perhaps are remembering the most vividly when they seem to have utterly forgotten all."

"Oh, yes," she said, and said it so tenderly! "we know that. We see them carrying our images with them to their work and through the crowds, and we are happy. The sweetest songs in heaven, the tenderest words of God, the richest crowns of glory of all these we strive for and delight in, but, oh, they cannot light the torch when once the lamp of love goes out."

"And you are dead!" I asked with awe.

"Here was my name," she said, pointing to the stone; "a husband and a daughter mourned me. Their remembrance was my Paradise; their mention of me the sweetest music that I heard. I belonged to those in heaven who were loved and mourned for, and I pitied, oh, how I pitied them who walked with faces cast down, who were at last truly dead,—because forgotten."

"And are they so divided in heaven?" I asked.

"They as divide themselves," she said; "gladness and sorrow do not mingle. They who are sad must needs draw apart by themselves, and no sadness can enter heaven but this—that we are forgotten."

"But surely you ofttimes wrong the living?"

"Alas, no; we wait and wait with hope, and hoping against hope, until at last we take our places in the band of the dead and forgotten."

"And thus you watch the living?"

"Ah, how much we watch them! Love intensified by parting and by heaven's atmosphere, fills the heart with one overwhelming desire to watch the loved ones; their every thought; their lightest breath. And when there comes welling from their heart a thought of us, then, and only then, is heaven filled with perfect happiness."

"I had thought—I have lived in the opposite belief," I said hesitatingly. "I have felt that it would be great comfort to know my loved ones thought of me. But I have never supposed that their happiness could in any way depend upon my remembrance of them."

"Ah; were you not told by one of your own that her sister was happy because you loved her?" These were no meaningless words, but a message to you from beyond the borders of your world. They who nestle in the arms of the archangel never forget, never lose sight of their loved ones until they themselves are forgotten. Alas, alas! that is death."

"Perhaps their love is but sleeping," I said.

"Nay; I have waited, oh, so long! I cannot count by months or years, but I have waited to see a thought of me rise in his heart. I did not blame him for seeking another woman's love. I did not weep when he called her 'wife,' for in his heart I saw tender recollection of me and I was thankful for his happiness. I watched with supreme content the hours when he took our daughter on his knee and spoke of her mother. They came together to this mound and planted flowers and watered them with tears. And when that other wife came here and sweetly spoke of me to the child I blessed her. But that was long ago. Children came to them and all the old life was a tale that is told, till now my child calls her 'mother'—and I am forgotten."

"Oh that my own could know how well I remember them and how I miss them," I said.

"'Could know!' Are not my tears evidence to you that they do know? Are you so dull that even a voice from heaven will not work its way into your understanding? Know? They know it when they know no other joy; they feel it when happiest; they live in its light; they show it in their faces; they are among those whose voices please their Master's ears the best. Oh, sir, do not doubt it again. Your love for them is dearer to them than heaven itself."

The night was growing late, but I would have stayed there forever. She stooped as if to pluck a blade of grass from the grave.

"Do you notice this spot often?" I asked.

"Never before; never again. I have no longer aught to draw me here. Farewell! Remember my tears and words:—Only those are dead who are forgotten."

I saw her a moment and then I did not see her. I knelt, and by the rising moon read her name on the stone; she had been seven years dead!

I sought the place again in daylight. I read, with peculiar sensations, that she was

"THE BELOVED WIFE"

when she was buried, and I put these words in my memory beside the sobs that I had heard when she said:

"THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN ME!"

I wonder if it would be wrong for me to say, "May God forget them?"

WM. H. MAHER.

Going Security.

I affirm that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than—perhaps all—other causes. I think that our young men, especially, should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement or rascality, fails to pay it. Notice, the indorser assumes all this responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business, and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it prove profitable; but with a certainty of loss if for any of the reasons stated the principals fails to pay the note.—*Judge Waldo F. Brown, in Boston Traveller.*

What "Old Fritz" Said.

It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, kidney disease, sick headache, and other maladies which, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.

South American Shakes.

A gentleman who was for a long time a resident of Lima said, while speaking on the subject of earthquakes: "In Lima there is a constant shaking of the ground. The houses are uniformly three stories in height. The first story is of brick or stone, the walls being fully three feet thick. The upper two stories are made of bamboo lashed together. It takes a pretty severe earthquake to destroy one of these buildings. The peculiar thing about a shake is that the first time you get one you are apt to take it coolly. The next time you are afraid, and ever after think you are demoralized. Earthquakes are something that no man can become accustomed to. In countries where they are prevalent the people rush at once into the middle of the street, which is always the safest place."

—Sick headache, wind on the stomach, biliousness, nausea, are promptly and agreeably banished by Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets.

Yes, How Different it Would Have Been!

The conduct of those Massachusetts young ladies in refusing to allow an undraped man to be saved by being taken into their boat is in glaring contrast to the generous impulse that would have actuated any two Massachusetts young men under similar circumstances if the drowning person had been a lady.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES AND FRUIT GROWERS.

Mrs. S. D. Power's "Fruit Pastes and Syrups" gives the details of a new and important home industry. The *Garden*, the leading horticultural journal of America, quotes the editorial opinion, "The salvation of the profits of our fruit crop is in the methods of this little book." Its recipes are fresh, not a dozen ever appearing before in any American recipe book. They give the methods by which French cooks prepare the crystallized fruits and choice syrups which are exported by millions of dollars worth, and form a leading industry of the South of Europe. Hostesses who entertain elegantly will find the rare recipes from old English MS. of ladies of high degree. The settler's wife, who misses Eastern orchards, will find in the chapter "For the Far West," how to preserve wild fruits, whose value is hardly known, or to use pumpkins, carrots and other substitutes in inviting forms as fruit. The Southern women will find a chapter especially for their native fruits unknown at the North, and besides this, explicit instructions how to pack and ship preserves for market, and how to find a market for them. Already women are making welcome additions to their incomes, by selling home made preserves, and the fruit syrups as delicious as beverages in warm weather. The book is practical and interesting. Every housekeeper; every woman who wishes to add to her income by a quiet and profitable occupation; every farmer who wants to make the most profit from his fruit crop should send for it at once, as fruits are ripening. Agents find it a quick selling book. Price postpaid, 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set (four portraits) for 65 cents.

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THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued cartoons, for posting, which have been scattered all over the United States. Of these we have sent out gratis more than *one million*, which is our contribution to the great cause We want every friend of temperance to aid us in giving them wide circulation.

NO. 1.

Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labeled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of intemperance.

NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward one comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz.: The street boy, already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

NO. 5.

"This Farmer Never Drank Whisky --This One Drinks All He can Get."

It is quite as effective as its predecessors. On the one side is a farm house looking as do all farm houses where whisky never got a hold, clean, neat and prosperous. On the other side of the sheet is a farm house whose proprietor does drink, slovenly, shiftless-looking, and wrecked as possible. The contrast is sharply drawn and the picture is a most effective one.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either.....6 cents.
Six copies.....10 cents.
Twenty-five copies.....30 cents.
One Hundred copies.....One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We half follow these with others.

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BLADE, Toledo, O.

Do You Know It?

WINCHESTER'S HY

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

LOST DAYS.

"How slow the time goes!" said a bright young girl around whom seemed clustered all the goods the gods usually provide for mortals. She had youth, beauty, a delightful home and hosts of friends. Surely there seemed no reason why time should drag leaden wings through her days.

"You appear to enjoy yourself. I thought you were happy," said a friend.

"Oh, I am happy enough," she responded, "but next spring I am going to Europe and I can hardly wait for the hour of sailing. Everything is so dull and stale here now, and I don't know how I'm to get through the winter," and she threw herself into a chair with a sigh of discontent.

A worn and weary woman, who was overtasking her strength every day, was remonstrated with by a friend who chanced to know that such exertion was not imperative upon her, but that it was simply a matter of choice.

"I know you are right," she said in reply, "but in another year the house will be paid for, and then I can sit down, rest and enjoy myself. Twelve months more of hard work and self-denial will not matter much, you know, and that is all which will be necessary," and she smiled back into the face of the friend, and went on with her slavish toil, as if the Heaven were not full of days.

"A little longer and I shall be rich, and then we can do as we please," said the business man to the wife who was urging him to take a short journey with her for rest and recreation. "I can't afford the time now, so you must wait a little longer," and he went on with busy calculations, while a hopeless look of pain settled upon the loving woman's face as she watched the tense lines and the deepening furrows which told what the rush and stir, the work and worry, the anxiety and overtrain exertion was doing for him as the days went by.

To-morrow and to-morrow! The burden of the song was the same in every instance. There was not one who spoke of the sweetness, the glory, the beauty of to-day, not one who stopped to pluck the blooming forget-me-nots at their feet, not one who was gathering in passing what of good each hour held, but all were gazing on to some bright future that was to be full of joy, and realized anticipation.

When the spring came to that fair young girl, it found her plunged in a sorrow for which there was no balm, and in its shadow, the expected journey faded from sight. The time for rest for the overtaxed woman came to her when her hands were folded in the slumber that knows no waking, and another enjoyed the fruits of her labor. The morrow's sun when he was "rich" looked upon the business man and saw that the light of reason had gone out forever, and to the wife who loved him, he was a perpetual and agonizing grief.

Strange it is that we do not seize present joys, since they are all of which we are absolutely certain, but go on with hearts fixed upon something in the "beautiful sometime" that will bring joy unutterable. It is true that without looking forward, without hope and ambition for the future, with a blind contentment that paralyzes effort, our lives would bear no fruitage and the world would be no better for our living. And yet to scorn the present, with the pleasures that it holds if we are but ready to enjoy them as they pass, is the height of folly. We are daily losing much of what life offers, and the loss can never be repaired.

Yes, I call them lost—those days that are passing into the eternal past—and we have gathered from them none of life's sweetness, have trampled beneath unheeding feet the flowers that are springing along our path, while we keep our eyes upon the far away skies dreaming, dreaming, always dreaming, that in some way we shall be able to reach and gather in their gleaming treasures. The hours pass by and they are as far off as ever, while the fragrant blossoms have exhaled their lives away crushed by our careless tread, and we have no thought of regret—yet. The day will come when, worn and weary with vain effort, we shall look back over the way we have trodden, and see, with bitter longing, the withered remains of what was once within our reach and would have made our hearts warm with pleasure in these later hours.

I call them lost—the days that are spent without bringing the smiles of pleasure to the faces of the dear ones who may, for aught we know, be treading close to the verge of an infinite future which will hold them away from our loving ministrations.

They are lost—the days in which no brightness is reflected from our own faces into those over which the shadows have gathered into gloom, and there is no light other than that which we bring to them from our own spirits.

They are lost—the days which count nothing of strength gained to do and dare for the right, of courage to stand alone against the world if need be, in defence of the rulings of conscience; of faith in the ultimate triumph of virtue and in the good which rests in the human heart; of charity for the weakness that leads to imperfect action.

And the worst is that of all these lost days, not one may ever return to us again. They are so irretrievably gone, that not an hour, not even the infinitesimal part of a second can be lived over, no matter how great the issues that hang upon the power to do so. They have borne with them all of the neglected opportunities of good action and sweet enjoyments that would have made our hearts, and therefore our lives, better. They have carried away the hasty words that wounded, and they may not be recalled; the, cold, unsympathizing glance that now may not be softened; and the little joys that were within our reach and would have made bright a whole life had we grasped them, but we did not. They are so utterly lost, so dead beyond the hope of resurrection, that to comprehend it fills us with dismay.

"Change! Change!
Another leaf is turned,
And back into the old and strange
Sinks the half learned.
Out of the quiet ways
Into the world's broad track
We go forth in the summer days
And never wander back.

Not death!
We do not call it so;
Yet scarcely more with dying breath
Do we forego.
We cross an unseen line,
And lo! another zone,
Unlearn to make a stranger clime
Familiar as our own.

Not one,
But many lives we hold;
Our Hall to everlit work begun
Is Farewell! to the old.
At every bound we say
When will the day be past?
Yet start with vain regret some day
In presence of the last.

The last!
Last looks are tenderest.
The sunset's light is on the past.
The old wine is the best.
O, days most fair and sweet,
The old life's fairest wreath,
No record is complete
Without that last word—Death!"

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Scarf Tidies.—Get a piece of Madras of a pretty pattern, outline the pattern for six or eight inches from each end with gold or silver tinsel and finish the ends with balls or crescents. This can be used as a picture drape or as a tidy for a chair. The Madras in the narrow width may be bought at 50 cents a yard, or if it is wide get a half yard, hem the edges, and finish the selvedge edges with the balls. Tie a bow of ribbon about the center and it is finished.

Another can be made of pongee etched in bright colors or embroidered in wash silks, and this can be washed and ironed when soiled.

To Cover a Soiled Chair.—Measure your chair, and buy enough gay striped linen to cover the seat and back. Bind the covering with scarlet braid and tie the whole tightly over the chair. When soiled it may be taken off and washed.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which tells how to make many pretty things.—ED.

Kensington Embroidery, Painting on Velvet or Satin, Article No. 1.—Never having seen anything on Kensington painting on cloth in the HOUSEHOLD, (and believing it to be the most beautiful of all) with the permission of the Editor I will furnish a list of directions which, if closely followed, with care and neatness cannot fail to please the eye. First, use the same tube paints as for all fabric painting; but use no oil or other liquids, as the paints if good are thin enough. Stamp your pattern plainly on your fabric, and to learn on I advise velvetine. Take a piece of pasteboard a trifle larger than the cloth, sew the cloth smoothly to the board. Now for a palette use a common table knife, and for a brush a Colorado pen in common pen-holder. Put a very small quantity of different colored paints on knife edges, (using a knife is one of the secrets of doing the work easily) as you must have a sharp edge to scrape your pen on, for that must be kept clean.

Now you are ready to begin work. Take your knife in your left hand and pen in right; dip your pen carefully in the color you wish to use; (here will say you must get your shade you wish first by mixing different paints the same as for fabric only work them as little as possible), having the paint come on the pen point the same as ink in writing on the under or hollow side of pen. To do this after dipping pen in paint scrape it off clean on the edge of the knife so the edge of pen will be clean. This leaves the paint on back or in hollow of the pen; hold pen in hand the same as if writing, place point on the line of design with side edge of pen under instead of hollow side. In writing, with hollow side facing outside of pattern. Then draw the pen toward you gradually, roll it so that at the end of the stitch the hollow side of pen will be under the same as when writing.) The stitches are made short, say from 1-16 to 1-18 of an inch long according to size of piece or flower. Also the stitch is longer on out edge of flower than in center. It is a very handsome painting if done right. Each stitch will lay up so that a person can scarcely tell it from Thensington embroidery.

You will want a small brush for doing leaves. First brush them over lightly with the shade of green required (try to imitate nature in colors.) Now go over your leaves making the veins a darker color than the leaf with the pen; the same as flower, only a longer strike, then finish edge of leaf with a brighter shade and a short stitch. A great many of the large flowers are made the same as a leaf, the edge and caroila being done with the pen, and fill in between with the brush, being careful to brighten your color some for the center of the carolla, but roses are done entirely with the pen. Should this please the editor I will come again, taking some flower and leaf with instructions how to paint the same as for

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CORN FODDER CUT SHORT.—Will some one who has tested it, inform me through the BLADE FARM whether it is safe to feed cattle corn fodder cut short with a stalk-cutter?—JAMES KIDDOO, Neosho, Mo.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—We have recently received many inquiries as to the mode of cultivating the cranberry, that we considered it of sufficient importance to give a full account of how it is done. This question was discussed by a very intelligent cranberry cultorist in the BLADE FARM last winter. However, we give the following, hoping that it will be sufficiently clear to require no additional consideration:

Location.—The borders of ponds, marshes, and the sea-shore have proved the best suited to the growth of the cranberry. In fact, ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the cranberries grown in the country are in such locations. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of low, wet, swampy, and sandy lands, in all sections of the country, utterly worthless for general cultivation, that are admirably suited to the cranberry; and when we remember that they yield from one hundred to four hundred bushels per acre, and sell for from two to six dollars per bushel, it is no wonder that many owners of such worthless tracts are putting in cranberries.

Soil.—The best soil, if soil it can be called, is beach sand; next to this is common sand, and then peat and sand, which is the soil of bogs and marshes. They will run wholly to vines if the soil is rich.

Preparation of soil.—If the site selected is the sea-shore, or salt marsh subject to tides, it will be necessary to have a dyke built to prevent the land being covered with salt water. This can be done by digging a trench about the patch and using the earth thrown out for embanking. After two years' standing to freshen it, it will be ready for planting. If it has not been overflowed by salt water, neither of the two preceding will be necessary. If on the shore of a fresh water pond, overflowed in winter and uncovered in summer, you have just the spot needed, without preparation. If on the shores of such a pond, and not overflowed, bring it down as nearly to the water level as may be, and if a stream runs through or near to it, that may be overflowed at will. Raise an embankment, and keep it covered with water through the winter. If the place selected is a swamp or marsh, commence by digging a drain all around the place when it is driest, using the earth thrown out as an embankment, and providing an outlet, if possible. Then when dry in the spring, dig the whole over to the depth of one foot or more, can be cut off. This is most valuable manure, and well worth removing from your marshes, even if you do not purpose a cranberry patch. After this is removed, stop up your outlet and flow your patch, if possible. If there is not water enough to flow to the distance, haul it onto the ice during the winter, and in the spring your patch will be ready for planting. If the sand is not lively, let it stand a year, and the action of the weather will disintegrate it; otherwise it will not be fit for planting. If possible, use salt marsh hay for it.

Planting.—The plants can be set either in the fall or spring. If the ground can be plowed through the winter we prefer fall planting, otherwise we delay until spring, for if not plowed the frost will throw out the newly-planted vines. There are various methods of planting, such as the old method of sod planting; that is, the planting of a sod with grass, weeds, vines and all. This is a very poor method. Another and much better method is to separate the vines from the sod and plant them in drills or hills, a half-dozen specks in a hill, and cover the just above the ground. They should be firmly pressed in. Where the vines can be obtained in large quantities, they can be cut about two inches long by a common hay cutter, sown on the surface, and well harrowed in, or they may be sown in drills two feet apart. All these operations must be performed in spring and early in summer, unless the ground can be plowed.

Care should be taken to get fruitful plants, as many that appear vigorous are barren. The better way is to carefully examine the beds from which the plants are to be taken at the fruiting time, and observe what portion bears the best crop.

After culture.—Where the plants are in hills or in drills they can be hoed the first season, after which they will cover the whole ground and mat together so that hoeing will be impossible. If the weeds and grass are kept down the first year, all that will be necessary in after years will be to go over the vines two or three times during the growing season and pull up the large tufts of grass, briers and weeds by hand. Nothing else but the cranberry will grow very luxuriantly in clear sand, and if the tep has been taken off the marsh as recommended, but few weeds, if any, will appear which cannot be eradicated by the first season's warfare, and the vines will soon take possession of the whole.

Flooding, as we have hinted, is the great aid to cranberry culture. The power to flood or drain at will insures most profitable returns. With an embankment and a water gate at the outlet this can be accomplished. Flood before the ground freezes hard in the fall, and leave the water on until all danger of spring frosts is past. North of New York city two feet of water is desirable; south of there, one foot is sufficient. The patch that is flooded is not likely to be attacked by the cranberry worm. Water at the beginning of blossoming is avoided; the danger from frost after vegetation has commenced in the spring is done away. In a season of extreme drought the water can be set back onto the patch and the crop saved. If there are indications of frost before the fruit is ripe, it can be covered with water until the cold snap has passed. Almost any one of these advantages is sufficient to justify the ordinary expense of an embankment and a water gate. If the fruit rots it is probably too wet, and should be raised by an addition of sand to the surface. It can be applied on the ice, and the plants will soon grow up through it.—*How to Make the Farm Pay.*

JAMES W. BETTS, Russell, Kansas.—From the description given by you we suspicion that your colt is affected with bad farcy, which is a contagious disease, and believed to arise from the same blood poison which causes glanders. A more full description would enable us to decide with accuracy. If you have a veterinary in your vicinity you should call him at early day. Otherwise, if the disease is not too far advanced, it may yield to medical treatment, which it readily does at times. The swellings may be dispersed by blistering them, or by rubbing them with ointment of bin-iodide of mercury, or which is handier, with a stick of lunar caustic. If there are running sores, they must be washed twice daily with a tea-spoon cent solution of carbolic acid. As a tonic the following ball should be given: Sulphate of copper, half a drachm; sulphate of zinc, half a drachm; aniseed, three drachams. Make into a ball with common mass, and give once a day. A more full description might modify our opinion, but this we will no doubt reach the desired end.—ED.]

OSAGE MULBERRY.—Will some one of the readers of the BLADE let me know through its columns how to start osage with mulberry for the silk worm? Would also like to hear through the BLADE of any one who has any of the seeds or slips to sell.—M. L.

ONION MAGGOT.—Can you give in the farm department of the BLADE any information that will enable me to protect my onion crop from the small white onion maggot? They make their appearance early in the spring and continue to injure my crop very badly throughout the entire season. If any of the readers of your valuable paper can give a remedy you will very much oblige one of your subscribers.—H. H. MARSTALL, West Burke, Vt. [The Maggots are the larvae of the onion fly. To get rid of the fly and maggots, L. Howard, Entomologist of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., says the following remedies are in practical use England: 1. Pulverized gas-lime scattered among the onions will keep the fly from laying its eggs. 2. Watering the plants with a liquid from pig-sties, allowed in a tank provided for the purpose will have the same effect. 3. Deep cultivation in autumn with a good manuring, and sowing in drills on a firm, well-trodden surface in spring, insures a good crop, nearly, if not entirely free from the attack of the maggot. 4. When the onion bed has been attacked, every onion which wilts should be taken up at once and burned. If this be done promptly and thoroughly, it will terminate the attack. The onions should not be pulled up, but carefully lifted by means of a broad-bladed knife so that the entire bulb with the larva in it may be removed. 5. A remedy highly recommended by Miss Ormerod is to saturate sand with paraffin oil and scatter the sand along the rows, afterwards sprinkling the rows with a watering pot.

CALLOUS.—I have a mare that has a callous on the forepart of knee, just below the joint. It affects her most when traveling on a down grade. When pulling on a load or walking on plowed ground she does not show lameness. It has been on the knee for six or seven months. I cannot find any liniment ready prepared that will help her any. The bunch is as large now as a man's fist. I think it was caused by a bruise about one year ago.—D. B. MOSSE, Phillipsburg, Neb. [If the lump is simply of fungous growth, paint it over with permangenate of potash, a few applications of which will destroy it. Afterward apply vaseline. If, however, there is a liquid in it, write again.—ED.]

CRANBERRIES.—Will you please inform me about cranberry culture? Do you think they would do well in California? If so, is it a profitable crop to grow? If more than one variety which is the best.—BLADE READER, Pescadero, California. [See Cranberry Culture" in this issue of the BLADE FARM. We think cranberries would do very well in your productive soil. The crop is a profitable one in most sections. Cannot say what demand there would be in California, but the tastes of people being the same as elsewhere, there would no doubt be a good market in your cities. The oxycoccus is a red acid fruit, highly valued for tarts, as a sauce with turkey, etc. It is well known as the American fruit, and grows spontaneously in many places. The oxycoccus palustris grows both in England and Scotland, and is not so easily cultivated as the Amercian species.—ED.]

HOPS.—Can you tell me what is the matter with hop vines that blossom thick tassels of bloom a month before the time for hops to set on the vines, and never bear any hops at all? The roots were taken from good bearing vines, and only one out of four ever bore any hops.—READER, Belle Plain, Iowa. [As the hop is a staminate, or male, and pistillate, or female plant, if the vines be unproductive, some of the barren hills should be dug up, and others that will bear well set in their places. In field cultivation, the most successful growers of hops plant about every ninth hill with sets from a staminate or male stalk. At the male hills, put a stout, high pole, 16 or 18 feet long, and let the male vine run up so that its pollen may be distributed on the others.—ED.]

INDIGESTION.—Please tell in the FARM department what I must do for an old horse that eats very hearty but will not fatten. He is dull and sluggish, hair looks dead, has a constant rumbling in his bowels.—JOHN HINCHMOSES, Hickory Grove, Ky. [Your horse is suffering from indigestion. In the first place give a mild cathartic, as recommended to C. T. Avery in this number of the BLADE. The proper regulation of the food is necessary. Feed punctually at regular hours. Too frequent and heavy feeding superinduces indigestion. Give two drachms of bicarbonate of soda in the drinking water three times a day before a meal, and two drachms of nitro-muriatic acid in a bucket of water immediately after eating. Your horse probably has had teeth and should be fed sparingly of food that is hard, to masticate and digest. Feed mostly soft food. Examine his teeth.—ED.]

C. T. Avery, Coldwater, Kansas: Catarrh in a horse is very obstinate when it becomes chronic. The treatment recommended is a good one. Give your horse a light cathartic, as, raw linseed oil 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. Mix well together for a draught. After this has operated, give a dittate of iron and ammonia, 6 drachms. Divide it into 12 powders and give one of these twice a day on a mash or dissolved in drinking water, or as a drench. Continue the tar water after the powders are given. Also syringe the nostrils. Give mostly green food and place it on the pronged as this discharge gets better away from the nostrils. Rub the upper part of the throat, commencing at the root of the ears, and keeping well to the margin of the lower jaws, and then a foot of so down the neck. Do not expect your horse to recover in a week or two. The above is to take the place of the receipt previously given.—ED.

PEARS CRACK OPEN.—I have a pear tree bearing pears. They are about two-thirds grown. They are all cracking open. They crack around and lengthwise clear to the core. Please give a remedy, if you know of any.—C. S. OLMSTEAD, Whitney's Point, N. Y. [The editor cannot give a reason why the pears crack open. If any reader of the FARM knows, here is a good opportunity to give a member of the BLADE FARM family needed information. "Help one another" should be the motto of the readers of this department.—ED.]

WIND GALL.—I have a good horse, five years old, smoothe and in good condition except wind gall on hind leg. Can it be cured and what is the remedy? G. W. ROE, Lincoln, Mo. [See Horse Talk, page 2, in number. Wind gall does not lame your horse, let it alone, as they are not considered an unsoundness. ED.]

TO KILL WEEVIL.—Please republish the recipe to kill bin worms in wheat, the compound to be put in cups and sit in the bin of wheat.—H. M. STANDLEY, Corinth, Kansas. [Put the wheat in a tight bin, and place a saucer of bisulphide of carbon on top of the wheat. The bisulphide being heavier than the air, sinks down through the wheat, penetrates all through the air spaces, and kills every insect.—ED.]

TONIC BALL.—What is a good tonic ball for a horse? My horse is run down, and I would like you to give a recipe for a tonic of some kind.—EDWARD BUSHNELL, Chicago, Ill. [Gentian ginger, 2 drachms; gentian, 1 drachm; Peruvian bark, ½ ounce; feungreek, ½ ounce; mix and form a ball.—ED.]

Plenty of Them.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—In the BLADE of Aug. 26 was an article stating that the apple crop in Western New York was a failure. There has not been as large a yield of apples and other fruit in this section for a number of years as there has been this year—and of an excellent quality.—GEO. H. TIFFANY, Jamestown, N. Y. [The item to which Mr. Tiffany refers was taken from a New York journal, and in the section where printed it may have applied locally. It is a pleasure to the editor to know that there is such an abundance of apples in New York state, as she raises fruit of the kind named that for choiceness and flavor cannot be surpassed. Apples are as healthy a food as can be eaten. ED.]

September Crop Report.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The September crop report of the department of Agriculture shows a better yield of spring wheat than was expected a month ago. The improvement is in the northern belt—Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota. In Nebraska there is little change, in Iowa a little change. The general average is 84, an increase of four points. The average yield of the crop, so far as the results of threshing are reported, exceeds 11 bushels, and may reach 11½ bushels per acre.

Threshing of winter wheat in the Ohio valley gives a better result than was expected at harvest, and there is some improvement in Missouri and Kansas. In the middle and eastern states the percentages of July are not materially changed. In the south the harvest was diappointing, and rains injured the product in the shock. The returns indicate an average yield of about 12 bushels per acre. The entire wheat product will apparently exceed that of last year by 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 bushels. The exact determination of area harvested and results of threashing are easily equivalent to a variation of at least 2 per cent.

Corn has declined from 87 in August to 77. In the states of principal production, the status is as follows: Kentucky, from 87 in August to 90 in September; Ohio, 88 to 89; Michigan, 80 in both returns; Indiana, 90 to 92; Illinois declines from 77 to 72; Missouri, 75 to 62; Kansas, 72 62; Nebraska, 76 to 68; Iowa, 73 to 67. The loss west of Indiana caused by drouth. In the South Atlantic states there has been improvement, on the Gulf coast a slight improvement, except in Texas, where drouth has reduced the condition. The present crop prospect, with no further decline, is 19 per cent. worse than last year, and indicates over 21 bushels per acre, or nearly 16,000,000 bushels.

The average of barley is 93—indicating an average crop.

The condition of tobacco averages 81.

The numbers of fattening hogs are apparently less by about 6 per cent., with some reduction in average weight.

The cotton returns show a vigorous condition of the plant with lateness and deficiency in fruiting. There has been improvements in most of the states, with a decided decline in Texas and a little in Arkansas. The indisputable reduction of the condition last month in the south and west of Texas has been emphasized in the return. The average of the condition of the crop are 1885, 78 slightly above that of August 1, for the first time in September in fifteen years; with a long and favorable autumn it indicates an average crop. Yet a decline in condition after this date is usual.

Ravages of Hog Cholera in Illinois.

TOLONO, Ill., Sept. 13.—The most virulent epidemic of hog cholera which ever visited the southwest part of Champaign county is now raging along the Kaskaskia, or Okaw river, and is chiefly confined to Sadorus township. The disease first appeared several days ago, and has rapidly destroyed some of the finest herds of swine in this part of Illinois. The disease is still working up the west bank of the Okaw, and spreading through the country. It is so fatal in its character that scarcely any of the afflicted animals recover, and a very few in any infected herd escape an attack. The loss so far entailed upon the farmers in the region mentioned is not less than $12,000, and from present indications will exceed $25,000 in a short time. Farmers in the path of the plague can secure no protection from it, and dealers refuse to purchase their hogs after the disease has reaches a neighborhood. There is no known cause for this terrible visitation, unless it be the unprecedented drouth which has prevailed during the past three months.

S. D. Turner, a railroad engineer, killed himself Monday at Birmingham, Ala., because he had been fined for being drunk. He was to have been married October 1.

Halford Sauce is palatable and healthy,

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

The Necessity of Everybody Knowing His Place and Contentedly Keeping it—How Women of To-day are Trudging in the Desert and the Need of Sympathy.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 12.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day. His Tabernacle was repainted and re-upholstered, and otherwise improved during the vacation that ended last Sunday, when the vast throngs greeting the return of their pastor responded liberally to his appeal on behalf of the sufferers by the earthquake at Charleston. Dr. Talmage's subject to-day was: "Cast out but rescued," and the text, Genesis, ch. xxi., v. 19: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." The preacher said:—

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets out some cutting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you," said old Abraham, as he gave the lunch to Hagar and a good many charges as to how she should conduct herself. Then the lad, the boy, suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling, and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and he down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness, the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip! A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night comes down upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar—as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and every falling star it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dream travels over the weary day and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep: "Ishmael! Ishmael!"

And so they go on, day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shining sands; no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she put her fainting Ishmael under a shelter of scrub palm, she sees the bloodshot eye and feels the hot hand and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beersheba: "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered the boy through a weary stage and end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would herself lay down her life on his silent heart, but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and begs his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub, and goes off a bow-shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems to sympathize, and lightning strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief, and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Then she thank God!

I—I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She pursued matters beyond her place, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness, and threw Sarah into great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you, and a place for me. Our first duty is to find out that place, our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends. Sixtus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a sceptre. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him up to look after men, and he a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realms of a painter. The shoemakers bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God raised him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and poet laureate. The sexton of St. Dunstan's in London could not keep his son in that business, for God decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for goldfish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes, yet God may better have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us and then occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints the sphere, and the needle is just as respectable in His sight as the sceptre. It is too bad when but the world would long ago have been saved, if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one-half the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are in struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be the mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch which beautifully went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance-wheel, and the mortar with clangrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals! The sloop says: "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner or a full rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dollars to the missionary cause. You for fifteen years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether it win hissing or huzza, whether to walk under triumphal arch or to lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a Pentecost or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ, or of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and calling her a May Queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work; and are contented in the sphere in which God put them; while there is wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

II.—Again, I find in this Oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar! There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. Oh, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her wants—plenty at the table, music in the drawing-room, welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Cruelties blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set, and the vows given, and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day broken-hearted, thinking of past joys and present desolation, and coming anguish.

Hagar in the wilderness. Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark nights drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well known step on the door-sill brought the whole household out at eventide, crying: "Father's coming," will never sound on the door-sill again. A long, deep grief plowed all that brightness of domestic life. Paradise lost. Widowhood. Hagar in the wilderness!

How often do we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead, as though she were coming, or some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, one day when they held her up to the font and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of the holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woebegone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of divine sympathy enclose her forever!

III.—Again, I find in the Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say: Who is Ishmael? A great nation. This will prove to be a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gallus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts, and dies. For a long while this nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see pass boys and girls who will raise the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, bare-footed, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleeding and pain-struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the word of God such as has come down to no other man in the century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions! That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop or cry "Coward!" to the Lord's host as they go out for their last victory.

My mind this morning leaps 30 years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits this morning beside you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps 30 years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of the others, and they look up to her for her counsel and for her power. Who is she? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. She shall live forward 30 years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice this morning in the first song of the service?

My mind leaps forward thirty years from now and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee—a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts and I hear his chain clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has been in there now three years first for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he, and where is he? This afternoon playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are busy boosting a throne or forging a chain; you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

A good many years ago a Christian mother sat teaching lessons of religion to her child, and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by the meeting of thousands in devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But oh, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godless, dancing on down to perdition, taking her children in the same direction, preparing them for a life of frivolity, a death of shame, and an eternity of disaster, I cannot help but say: "There they go, Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than Beersheba in many of the fashionable circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! and while I pronounce their names, it seems like the moaning of the wind. "Hagar and Ishmael!"

IV.—I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! water!" Ah," she says, "darling, there is no water. This is a desert." But then God's angel sail from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God, that there is in every wilderness a well if you only know how to find it—fountains for all those thirsty souls this morning. Clangrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

Eating and sleeping, in daylight and in darkness, he keeps up his restless and perturbed tramp. Around his house is a beaten path nearly a foot deep, worn by months of incessant walking. He goes at a steady gait of a little over three miles an hour, 74 miles every 24 hours, 518 miles each week, 2,220 miles a month, 27,000 miles a year. In the last two years he has walked far enough to twice encircle the globe. Two years ago he was believed to be insane, and was sent to the asylum at Indianapolis. After a short confinement it was shown that he was not a subject of mental treatment, and released. A distinguished authority on nervous diseases gave it as his opinion at the time that if Snyder was to be bound hand and foot he would become a raving maniac, and die in a few hours. He has walked ever since, and cannot stop. If he halts for a few seconds he begs for God's sake to send, and exhibit convulsive tendencies, and there is no rest nor relief but to continue his tramp.

A few months ago he was put to sleep in a recumbent position by the use of opiates. On waking he was so surcharged with the demon of disquiet that he sprang up and ran for five hours, when the gate of his twelve miles an hour, when he again lapsed into his accustomed gait, which he has since maintained without interruption.

He is about 60 years old, and has a large family. In other respects he is healthy. Except a haggard and haunted expression, there is nothing else remarkable. Relief from the body's exhaustion is promised him, has long since been dissipated. His case is remarkable, and is apparently beyond the ken of physicians or scientists.

Texas Prohibitionists in the Field With a Full Ticket.

DALLAS, Sept. 8.—The State Prohibition convention met here yesterday, organized, and adopted a platform. The document declares that the liquor traffic is the prolific source of crime, pauperism, bribery, political corruption and anarchy, and should be prohibited by law; that the leading object of the Prohibition party of Texas is the suppression by constitutional law of the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in this state, solicits the co-operation of the women of this state, denounces the Democratic party, charges that the Democratic and Republican parties are in league with the liquor traffic in their national and state conventions, and demands of the next legislature the submission of a constitutional amendment to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage in Texas, and that the local option law be so amended that it can be effectually enforced by making its violation a felony, punishable by confinement in the state penitentiary; demands that labor be protected, and that corporations be regulated by such laws as will prevent all combinations, discriminations, and granting of rebate by transportation companies, and recommends a law providing for arbitration for labor difficulties.

A full state ticket will be put out to-day, headed by Col. Dabrey, of Paris, for governor.

A Tale of Two Cities.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 9.—Mayor Denny to-day received a letter from the American consul at Bordeaux, France, stating that Amelia Coulneau was a pauper-house in that city, and claimed to have a husband here doing a prosperous business. She told the consul that her husband had induced her to visit France in 1883, and had soon after ceased to send her any money, and she and her three children had been reduced to poverty. The mayor placed the matter in the hands of the police, and an investigation showed that John Coulneau had recently filed suit for divorce, saying that his wife had deserted him in 1883, and had returned to France. Further inquiry showed that he was living with another woman as his wife, and the pair were arrested to-night.

Coulneau is a sculptor, and has recently made a number of pieces of statuary for the new State House. He is a typical Frenchman in his address, and has $15,000 in bank in this city, according to his statement to-night. Mary Myers, the woman arrested with him, is his housekeeper, and they were to have been married as soon as he obtained his divorce.

Illinois Saloonkeepers Do Not Recognize Party Ties.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—At a meeting of the Liquor Dealers' Protective association, held here last evening, to select delegates to the state convention to be held in Springfield the latter end of this month, it was practically decided to ignore party lines in the coming campaign and support candidates who would preserve the rights of saloonkeepers. After the meeting a member of the association said:

"We are on the war-path this time, and will support candidates only who will aid us. We want the dram-shop act knocked out, and will be satisfied with $250 license. We are neither with the Republicans nor with the Democrats, but will take care of our friends."

News of the Week.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

The Strangest Case on Record—An Indiana Man Who Has Been Walking for Two Years, Going at a Steady Gait of about Three Miles an Hour.

MARION, Ind., Aug. 9.—One of the strangest penalties that eccentric fate has ever inflicted on a member of the human family is shown in the case of John Snyder, who resides at Mile Grove, a small station 30 miles east of here. His peculiar destiny appears to be that he shall not stop walking until he walks into the grave. Snyder's strange affliction dates back to a little over two years ago. At that time he became the victim of some sort of nervous complaint, from which he found relief in a measure by walking until completely exhausted. His strange malady became more and more aggravated, and he would get up in the middle of the night and walk five, ten and fifteen miles before sufficiently exhausted to sleep. Then he would walk 24 hours forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of the others, and they look up to her for her counsel and for her power. Who is she? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. She shall live forward 30 years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice this morning in the first song of the service?

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WASHINGTON.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

oubts as to the President's Authority to Extend Invitations to French Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—A curious difficulty has arisen in the way of the successful inauguration of the Bartholdi statue, and that is a doubt as to the power of the President to invite the participation of official representatives of the French nation, without which the ceremonies would be comparatively meaningless and absurd. In the case of the Yorktown celebration, the President was especially requested to invite the representatives of the French and German nations to participate, and special committees of both houses of Congress were appointed to be present. Nothing of the kind has been done in this case.

The sundry civil bill was signed August 4, a few days before the President left for vacation. A request was duly forwarded to him that he authorize invitations to be extended to representatives of the French nation to take part in the inauguration of the Bartholdi statue. He telegraphed from the Adirondacks that he could find no authority in the law for taking such a step. In this dilemma recourse was had to the joint resolution of February 22, 1877, which authorized the President to accept the Bartholdi statue "when presented by citizens of the French Republic, and upon the completion thereof he shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for this expressive and felicitous manifestation of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister republic."

It is argued that this original resolution places an obligation upon the President to see that the statue is suitably inaugurated, and that to do this he must invite the donors. It is also maintained that the appropriation of $56,000 for the ceremonies contemplates the entertainment of 30 official French guests, who must be invited by some one in the name of the United States. Sec. Bayard is believed to favor this view, but a decision is to be postponed until the President returns and a cabinet meeting can be held upon it. Meanwhile, the day in October when the statue is to be accepted is near at hand.

A Colored Democra .

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—James S. Brown is a colored man whom the administration imported from Virginia a few weeks ago, and appointed a laborer to do duty in the office of the second assistant postmaster general. He is now languishing behind prison bars because of a charge that he opened a registered letter that came for the second assistant postmaster general, the other day, and abstracted therefrom the sum of $8. He made a full confession, and was to-day officially dismissed from the service. The case is one of the colored men whose influence was counted upon to split up the colored Republican vote of the Old Dominion.

Capital Cullings.

Dr. D W. Bliss has recovered from the injuries he received in a recent runaway accident in Cleveland, and is able to resume his practice among his patients.

Sec. Bayard still sticks to his desk at the State department, and will probably not start on his vacation for several weeks. He will then go to Saratoga Springs.

Sec. Lamar has gone to New England for a vacation of several weeks. While away he will prepare the address which he is to deliver at the unveiling of the monument to John C. Calhoun, at Charleston, next November.

Gen. Black, commissioner of pensions, has accepted an invitation to attend the annual reunion of the Society of Tennessee at Rock Island, Ill., on the 15th inst., and at the banquet to respond to the toast "Our Country and Our Flag."

Ex-Gov. "Extra Billy" Smith, of Virginia, who lives out at Warrenton, Va., near where the two battles of Bull Run were fought, celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birth, Monday, and yet he is still a lusty old man, more vigorous and stronger than many who belong to a younger generation.

Information received from the home of ex-Speaker Randall, at Berwyn, Pa., is to the effect that the patient is not nearly so sick as was represented, and that with a little care he will soon be as well as ever. His present illness is the result of his exposure to night air.

Confederate Brigadiers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Southern members of Congress and Southern editors have a great deal to say about "bloody shirt" orators on the platforms of the North, but these truly good people who continually parade their wrongs over overlook the fact that the Confederate brigadier plays a more important part in in the National Legislature, relatively speaking, than does the Union soldier. According to the autobiographical sketches of members of the present Congress found in the Congressional Directory, there are 96 who served in the Union arm and 71 who fought under the flag of the Confederacy. This list only includes those who are set down in the directory as having fought on one side or the other during the war, though there are undoubtedly a number who were soldiers in one or the other of the two armies who have been too modest to say so in the sketches which they have furnished the compiler of the book. The states that went into the rebellion are represented by 106 members, counting both Senators and Representatives, while the loyal states are represented by 294 Senators and Representatives. The percentage of Confederate soldiers to the total representation of states that were disloyal is 66, while that of the Union soldiers based upon the total representation from loyal states is only 32, showing plainly that to be a Confederate or not to be a man served in the Confederate army means something in the South when he runs for office. This does not include Reagan, who was in the Confederate cabinet, and others who held high positions under the Confederate government, otherwise the percentage of ex-Confederates might be increased.

Wonderful Changes.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Amelia Jackson has been appointed to a clerkship in the Patent office, the position being one of those to which the civil service law does not extend. She is a daughter of the murderer of Col. Ellsworth, which occurred at the outbreak of the war. He was the proprietor of the Marshall house, in Alexandria, over which the rebel flag was floating when Ellsworth's command took possession of the city, and when the gallant colonel went upon the roof and tore down the colors, he was met on his way down by Jackson, who fired the contents of a double-barreled shotgun into the body of the brave soldier. No sooner had the murderous deed been committed than Jackson, too, was laid low by a shot from a Springfield rifle in the hands of Private, afterwards Lieutenant, Brownell, who acted as a member to the escort of Col. Ellsworth. Nearly every day some faithful old Union veteran is made to quit and the vacancies are filled by representatives of the lost cause. Twenty years have yielded wonderful changes.

Redeeming the Bonds.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—The treasury officials are pleased with the success that has thus far attended their invitation to holders of 3 per cent. bonds to surrender them for redemption. Of the $10,000,000 included in this new form of call about $1,000,000 have been presented for redemption. The purpose of the new departure was to obtain bonds for redemption from individuals and corporations willing to convert them into cash to use in more profitable investments and thus obviate the necessity for calling bonds held by national banks, thereby forcing a surrender of national bank currency. The bonds redeemed under the treasury invitation were surrendered by parties other than national banks. It is not expected that the entire $10,000,000 will be surrendered within the time specified, but whatever amount is thus presented will save the bonds of the banks to that extent. It is proposed to continue this policy of inviting the surrender of 3 per cent bonds, and it is probable that a rule will be adopted under which holders of such bonds may present them at any time and have them redeemed with accrued interest to the day of redemption.

Mexican Outrages.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The cases of Wood and Gaskell, arrested by the Mexicans in Lower California, has been before the State department some time, and nothing, it is asserted, has been left undone by the American consul at Lapaz, acting under the instruction of the secretary of State, to see that the prisoners receive all the protection they are entitled to. They are accused by the Mexican authorities of having murdered a fellow American. Mexicans claim the body of the murdered man was found, and that all the evidence at hand pointed to Wood and Gaskell as the guilty parties. If there has been unreasonable delay or irregularity of proceedings, as seems to be claimed in the prisoners' appeal to the governor of Texas, the fact has not yet been made known at the department.

The Apaches.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Gen. Drum, acting Secretary of War, has given instructions that Geronimo, Natchez and the other hostiles who surrendered with them, be stopped at San Antonio and be kept imprisoned there until a determination is reached as to what course of procedure can be undertaken against them. It is officially known that the surrender was not without conditions, but what the conditions were beyond the agreement that they should not be surrendered for trial in Arizona has not yet been reported. It was in compliance with this condition that Gen. Miles started with the hostiles for Florida. The determination of a course of procedure will probably be made by the President, but not until the terms of the surrender and all the circumstances shall be officially known.

Beecher's Bad Boy.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The auditing offices of the Treasury department would like to hear from H. F. Beecher, son of Henry Ward. It is said that when he gave up his office as collector of customs at Port Townsend, W. T., August 5, there was a transaction involving $10,300 growing out of the seizure of a quantity of opium, made during Beecher's incumbency. It was his duty to deposit the amount to the credit of the Treasury department, but when his vouchers came along there was but $35,000 accounted for as deposited. This amount had been put in bank but a few days before the President withdrew Beecher's nomination, and there was an apparent deficiency of $5,300. Letters and telegrams were sent to Port Townsend, San Francisco, and other places where it was thought Mr. Beecher could be found, but up to date not a word has been received in reply. Incidentally it was ascertained that the deputy left in charge of the office had expended the amount in question for collecting revenue, which, as he is not a bonded officer, he had no right to do. Meanwhile, the vouchers are held up for an explanation from Beecher, and the treasury officials say since his course has been so unbusinesslike, there is not much chance for his renomination by the President. He was appointed a year ago last June, but at the time of his withdrawal nothing was known of the opium affair, the financial portion of which has been carried on since August 1. Beecher would have been rejected by the Senate, and to prevent this the President took the course he did. Beecher left Washington saying Mr. Cleveland had promised to take care of him, and he proposed to keep his mouth shut. His friends say there is nothing to wrong and he will be heard from in due time with reference to the opium matter.

The New Public Printer.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The row has only just begun over the appointment of the public printer. Mr. Frank H. Norton, of Philadelphia, and of Thayer, of the Troy (N. Y.) *Press*, intend to wage a fierce war on Benedict, and already boast that he will not be confirmed by the Senate. One of Thayer's friends says that Col. Lamont was pledged to Thayer in letters which are in his possession and yet went back on him and did all he could for Benedict. The various contractors who furnish ink, paper, type, etc., are trying very hard to get on the soft side of the Benedicts. They expected that some one else would be appointed, but, failing to get their favorite, they are making the best of the President's choice. A report is current that Thayer will be given a consulship or otherwise provided for in case he does not make too big a fuss over losing the appointment for public printer.

The Love-Sick Senator.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—A private letter received to-day by a friend of Senator Jones, of Florida, says the senator has at last seen the folly of the Morgan campaign and shown a disposition to again return to Florida. The letter also states that the senator will, at the next session of the legislature, pose as a candidate for reelection to the senate. The senator, in writing to his friend, denies that he has any desire or intention of marrying, or wanting to marry, the belle of Detroit, and assigns as his reasons for remaining away from the senate that he wanted rest and recreation, and that in his opinion there was no place upon the American continent more delightful than Detroit. He will return to Florida about December 1.

The Cutting Case.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The Secretary of State, notwithstanding the release of Cutting, will, it is said, insist upon the abrogation of article 1886 of the Mexican penal code, which confers upon Mexican courts jurisdiction under certain circumstances over foreigners for offences committed outside of Mexican territory, or at least it is the opinion of the state department that by the promulgation by Mexico of the right to subject American citizens to that code, on the ground that American courts have exclusive criminal jurisdiction over offences committed within the territory of the United States by American citizens.

Pres. Tyler's Son.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—John Tyler, a son of Pres. Tyler, has been appointed chief of the private land claims division of the general land office. The appointee is now an old man, the image of his father, and of late years has become conspicuous about Washington hotel lobbies, wearing in winter time an old fashioned cloak, and in his demeanor doing his best to uphold the dignity of the old time Virginia aristocracy. He delights to talk of the past, particularly of the events of his father's administration, he having been at that time his father's private secretary.

No Demand Made for the Surrender of the Sealing Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—No demand, peremptory or otherwise, for the release and restoration of the Canadian vessels seized in Alaska waters has been received at the State department, nor have the questions possibly involved in these seizures reached the secretary from any official source. Some of the remarkable utterances recently telegraphed from Ottawa, and attributed to a member of the Dominion cabinet, are thought at the department to be fabrications, it being incredible that any person holding a place of such grave responsibility should, with the meagre information now in hand, pledge the Canadian and British governments to an arbitrary course, and, in advance even of the presentation of their case to this government, predict "lively times" unless the demands are at once complied with.

How to Obtain Minor Coins.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The director of the mint has issued the following circular in regard to the issue of minor coins: Five cent nickle pieces and one cent bronze pices will be forwarded in the order of application from the mint of the United States at Philadelphia to points reached by the Adams Express Co., free of transportation charges, in sums of $20 or multiples thereof, upon the receipt and collection by the superintendent of that mint of a draft on New York or Philadelphia, payable to his order.

To points not reached by the Adams Express Co., and while delivery under its contract with the government is thus impracticable, the above coin can, on the same terms, be sent by registered mail at the applicant's risk, the registry fee on the same to be paid by the government. Orders for transportation at the risk of the applicant should express the acceptance of the risk.

Capital Cullings.

It is stated at the Treasury, in response to inquiries after Mr. Manning's condition, that he is expected to return to his desk at the appointed time, the first of next month.

Comptroller of the Currency Trenholm has declared a dividend in favor of the creditors of the City National bank of Lawrenceburg, Ind. This bank went into voluntary liquidation August 13, 1883, and on March 11, 1884, was declared insolvent and placed in the hands of a receiver by decree of the Circuit court of the United States, District of Indiana.

The appointment of the daughter of Col. Ellsworth's murderer to an office in the Interior department is followed by the selection to an office in the same department of the widow of Confederate Gen. Pickett, who made the famous desperate charge upon the Union lines at Gettysburg. The solid South is getting its full share of the Interior department.

The National Board of Health, because of the failure of Congress, at the direction of Sam Randall, to provide for its maintenance, has closed its doors, and an order has been issued for the packing over of its property in the way of office furniture, stationery, etc., to the Treasury department. The country is now without a central sanitary organization to act in concert with local boards in case an epidemic should break out.

An intelligent postmaster, who was recently appointed by the present administration for a New Hampshire town, replies to an inquiry sent to him by the Pension Bureau "as to the standing in the community and general reputation for truth" of a certain applicant for a pension by endorsing on the back of the letter of inquiry: "About middlin' good."

It is believed that the remarks of Justice Bradley on the occasion of the opening of the new Federal court at Scranton, Pa., foreshadows the result if an appeal be made to the Supreme court on behalf of the condemned anarchists at Chicago. In his remarks Justice Bradley inveighs severely against anarchists and their teachings and his opinion, it is believed, will meet with a hearty response from other members of the Supreme court, so that unless it can be shown that there were gross irregularities in the recent trial, the Chicago sheriff will have a job of hanging before many months.

"HAVE YOU HEARD FROM MAINE?"

The Largest Republican Majority in Fifteen Years—All the Congressmen Elected, and the Legislature Strongly Republican.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 13.—Chairman Manley has sent the following telegram to the editor of the New York *Tribune*:

"The result of to-day's election is a far larger Republican majority than was anticipated—the largest, indeed, given in the state for the past fifteen years, excepting in the presidential years. We expect 7,000 or 8,000 plurality. The figures at this hour (11 p. m.) indicate a plurality for Bodwell of not less than 12,000, and not improbable 14,000. We have carried every Congressional district, elected two-thirds to three-fourths of the legislature, thus securing us the Senate, and county officers probably in fourteen of sixteen counties of the state. The Republican plurality in this city is the largest ever known, being more than 700 out of a total vote of 1,800. The total of the state will be above 137,000, which is extraordinarily large for an off year. Out of this aggregate the third party vote will not exceed 3,500, far less than was expected by the leaders of this movement."

LATER RETURNS.

PORTLAND, Sept. 14.—The returns from all but three towns in Cumberland county show that the entire Republican tickets are elected.

The returns so far received show that the senate will be composed of 26 Republicans and five Democrats. The last senate was entirely Republican.

The House of Representatives of 1885 was composed of 115 Republicans, 34 Democrats and 2 Greenbackers. The Republicans have gained twelve and lost two, and four more are in doubt. If the doubtful ones are all Democrats, the Republicans will have a gain of six over last year.

SKOWHEGAN, Sept. 14.—Somerset county gives 650 plurality for Bodwell (Republican) for governor. The Republicans elect 7 of the 8 Representatives, a gain of 2 over 1884. They also elect a Senator and every county officer.

JAMES G. BLAINE, JR.,

And His Bonnie Buckeye Bride, The Daughter of Col. Nevins, of Columbus, and Granddaughter of Samuel Medary—A Case of Love at First Sight.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—The *World* this morning publishes the following: "James G. Blaine, jr., youngest son of ex-Sen. James G. Blaine, was married in the rectory of St. Leon's Roman Catholic church, in this city, last Monday afternoon, to Miss Marie Nevins, daughter of Col. Richard Nevins, of Columbus, Ohio. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Thomas J. Dacey, pastor of the church, the contracting parties having satisfied him that there were no impediments to the union. There was no one else present.

"Miss Nevins is one of the belles of Ohio. Her maternal grandfather was the Hon. Samuel Medary, long editor of the *Ohio Statesman*, territorial governor of Minnesota before its admission as a state, and territorial governor of Kansas in the trying days under Buchanan. He was always a leading Democrat, and was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the party in 1864. Her father, Col. Nevins, was a Philadelphian, his mother being a Macalester of that city, a sister of Mr. Charles Macalester, one of the most noted members in the society of Philadelphia.

"Young Mr. Blaine is the favorite son of his distinguished father. He is about 20 years old, and has not yet competed his collegiate course. Nevins Blaine, youngest son of Ex-Senator Blaine, has been in business at Augusta, Me., for several months past. His sister Marie visited him in Augusta the past summer, and there met for the first time James G. Blaine, jr. She had theretofore known the other members of the family in Washington, where she has spent many winters, and when she was a belle under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Lillie Macalister Laughton, one of the regents of Mt. Vernon, and one of the leaders of society in the capital city. It would appear that the growth of affection between the two young people was rapid, Miss Nevins spent several weeks at Augusta and Bar Harbor, where she joined her parents, returning to this city with them a week ago last Friday. They took rooms here at the New York hotel. It is understood that Mr. Blaine followed very soon after Miss Nevins's departure from Maine, and was the guest of her parents at the hotel. It also would appear that Miss Nevins yielded to what must have been the very urgent plea of Mr. Blaine for an immediate marriage. In any event, Mr. Blaine applied to Archbishop Corrigan, on Saturday, September 4, for a dispensation, Miss Nevins being a Catholic, and on Monday they were married. Miss Nevins, or now Mrs. Blaine, then for the first time informed her family, and with her happy young husband started for Augusta to apprise his father.

"Miss Nevins is a young lady of 19, with fair hair, handsome presence, and exceptionally beautiful face. She was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Cincinnati, a sister institution of the Manhattenville convent. Two winters ago she took the leading role in the amateur performance of 'Paul and Virginia,' at Washington, which was organized by Mme. Mogueras, wife of the Portuguese minister, and in which many of the society leaders of the Capital took part. Thereupon Miss Nevins received, as has Mrs. James Brown Potter, many flattering offers from managers to go upon the stage. She has a contralto voice of much power, and carefully cultivated. She is said by her friends to be a young lady of many and brilliant mental and social accomplishments. She inherits her beauty from her mother, whose fame in that respect is as wide as the country.

The Old Folks Getting Over the Surprise—The Dispensation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—The following is taken from the *Sun* this morning: "Gen. Martin T. McMahon, counsel for Col. Nevins, said last evening that the report that the Nevins and Blaine families were angry at the marriage of James G. Blaine, jr., and Miss Marie Nevins, was false.

"'The young people are very young,' said the general, 'and their marriage has surprised every one. Whatever feeling there is, is of surprise, mingled, perhaps, with a little temporary disgust at their disregard, or perhaps, the evasion of the advice their elders would have given them. There is no anger in either family against them. Mr. Walker Blaine, the groom's eldest brother, was coming to this city on business last week, and made it a point to see the new sister-in-law. She is a very beautiful girl, really beautiful, and I don't think that he disapproved of his brother's choice. The young people fell in love and arranged matters before they came to this city. They knew that if they asked their parents' advice they would be told that they were too young, and must wait awhile; but they also knew they didn't want to wait, so they took matters into their own hands.

"'On Saturday, the 4th, they called on Father Ducey, of St. Leons. He refused to marry them, and said they must get a dispensation from Archbishop Corrigan. They asked him to get it for them, and he told them to come again on Monday. On Monday, when they came again, Father Ducey told them he had seen the archbishop, who was unwilling to grant the dispensation, as he thought they were too young. The two young people prevailed on Father Ducey to go up to the archbishop's residence with them. There Miss Nevins told the archbishop that she was a Catholic, and desired to be married in her own church, but that if he would not give her a dispensation she would go elsewhere. The archbishop laughed. 'You are a true woman,' he said, and he gave them the dispensation. Then they were married in the afternoon.

"Then they went to Boston, and the next day young Mrs. Blaine came back here to break the news to her parents, and young Blaine went to Bar Harbor to tell his family. They have not seen one another since. Meantime Walker Blaine has been here, as I said, and James G. Blaine, jr., will come on here to-morrow morning and rejoin his wife. Both families have got over the temporary displeasure the marriage caused."

"General," said the reporter, "Dr. McDonnell, Archbishop Corrigan's private secretary, who is acting as chancellor of the arch-diocese, tells me he knows of no dispensation having been issued."

"The archbishop granted one personally," answered Gen. McMahon, "and the documentary dispensation can be filed in the chancery later. There is no doubt that the dispensation was granted."

Another Earthquake Shock at Summerville.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 14.—The news from Summerville, last night, was not so favorable as that of the day before. A shock occurred there at 9:30 a. m., yesterday, which was sufficient to shake the buildings considerably, and one occurred at 1 p. m., which overthrew a small brick building connected with a saw mill. This is the first building that has been overthrown since the memorable night of August 31. Fortunately, no one was injured. There are now comparatively few persons remaining in Summerville. It is said that not more than twenty white families are left in the town.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

All Hope of a Compromise Abandoned—A Short Session.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—Since the interview between Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury all hope of a compromise between the government and Mr. Parnell has been abandoned. Lord Randolph Churchill is disposed to bargain with Mr. Parnell on the basis of the government support of a single clause of Parnell's bill relating to the suspension of evictions. A majority of the cabinet are opposed to any such legislation until next year. Lord Hartington insisted that there should be no tampering with the Parnell bill, and promised Lord Salisbury the vote of the Unionists if the government absolutely opposed the bill. Chamberlain's friends will not vote on the bill. Mr. Chamberlain, who has gone to the country, says he will take no part in the debate. He adheres to his determination to do nothing to embarrass the government in dealing with Ireland. Lord Randolph Churchill will offer Mr. Parnell facilities for a second reading of this bill on the 16th instant, on condition that the Parnellites offer no obstructions prior to passing the whole of the estimates.

The Parnellites, aiming to retain control of the government, insist upon the consideration of Parnell's bill before the estimates. The probable issue will be that Parnell will accept Lord Randolph's offer, knowing that the defeat of his bill is certain.

Mr. Parnell has sent a draft of his measure to Mr. Gladstone. The first clause provides that lease holders may apply to the court to fix judicial rents. The second that tenants whose rents were fixed a year ago may apply to the court for a revaluation, and third, that a court, pending a decision on the applications, may suspend an ejectment on the payment of such proportion of the rent as the court may decide to be proper.

The government whips indicate that the debate will be short, and that the house will adjourn on the 25th.

Gladstone Will Support Parnell's Land Bill.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The Parnell land bill, as redrafted, suspends evictions on payment in court of half the rent due. Many Gladstonians will disapprove of the amount of the reduction. The Parnellites assert that the full value justify a demand of over 50 per cent. reduction. Mr. Parnell, in a conference with Mr. John Morley, urges a reduction of 75 per cent., but on Mr. Morley's advice he limited the reduction to 50 per cent. Lease-holders are included in the bill. The government's response will be that Mr. Parnell's data are inaccurate; that the Dublin executive returns of market values for 1885-86 show that the reduction in prices in Ireland is less than in England and Scotland, ranging from 10 to 15 per cent. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Randolph Churchill will deny that the bulk of the Irish tenants will be unable to pay their rents in November, or that a host of evictions are probable.

The second reading of the Parnell bill will take place on Friday. Mr. Gladstone has privately announced that he will return to London on Saturday and that he hopes to take part in the debate on Monday. It is understood that he will support the Parnell bill. His promised presence is already rallying the Gladstonians. The Unionist whips have sent an appeal to Unionist members in the country to return to London and vote against the bill. The government also insists upon the recall of absentees. The Conservatives' attempt to curtail the debate to one night will be in vain.

Section 1 of Parnell's land bill enacts that the land court shall be empowered to make a temporary abatement of rents when it shall deem such action just and expedient, in cases of holdings governed by the act of 1881, provided half the rents due or half the precedent arrearages shall have been paid and it shall have been proved to the satisfaction of the court that the tenant is unable to pay the balance without losing his holding or depriving himself of the means to cultivate or stock his holding.

Clause 2 extends the provisions of clause 1 to the holders of unexpired leases and to the leaseholders whose leases have expired since the act of 1881, and have been renewed on a basis of a yearly tenantry under the old conditions of the lease.

Clause 3 empowers the suspension of evictions on payment of half the rent into the court until the case is decided.

The London Press on Parnell's Bill.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The *Standard* this morning says: "Parnell's bill is a most disappointing document. It would have been more candid to label it 'A measure for the abolition of eviction and the reduction of rents by one-half.' If it became a law it would put every land-owner in Ireland at the mercy of the local congress. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Parnell framed the document in a serious spirit."

The *Telegraph* says: "The most ultra Parnellite follower of Gladstone has now no excuse for doubting that the so-called temporary relief bill is an *ad captandum* project of the most unblushing kind. The House of Commons will see that it was never intended from the first as a serious proposal, and will deal with it accordingly."

The *Times*, commenting on Parnell's land bill, says: "Parnell's land bill has undergone another change. It is a legislative chameleon. Parliament is asked to enforce a gigantic act of repudiation by the simple process of allowing debtors to retain what they owe their creditors, without being liable to legal proceedings. It is a project of legislative spoliation without modern precedent."

Evicted Women Pound a Bailiff.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—William Cuffe, a bailiff who had made himself very obnoxious by his cruel treatment of a woman whom he had recently evicted, went early to attend mass in the Belcarra chapel. When the men and women of the congregation who were in the chapel noticed Cuffe's presence, they became very indignant and the men dragged him from the building; when they had him outside they turned him over to the women, who were begging "for a chance at him." Among these women were twelve that Cuffe had evicted. These women were furious, and they fell upon the bailiff and beat him unmercifully. Subsequently the priest, who is also the president of the Land League branch of the National league, admitted the battered bailiff to hear mass, and this mercy for the unfortunate man has almost caused a rebellion against the priest.

The Russian Press on Bulgarian Affairs.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 10.—The *Novoe Vremya* says: "Of all the signers of the Berlin treaty, England alone appears inclined to oppose Russia's Bulgarian policy. Russia must know whether England's intention is serious in order to prepare herself to take measures accordingly, as Russia will not be brought to a standstill by England's veto."

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says: "Prince Alexander's proclamation of departure contains a mention of alleged Russian assurances given to him. For reasons useless to discuss, Russia could not make any engagement with Prince Alexander. In view, however, of the party struggle in Bulgaria and the agitation of the public mind which the proclamation has caused, the Russian agents in Bulgaria have been instructed to inform the Bulgarian people that Russia is disposed to exert her influence to establish party concord and restore quiet. Russia will not withhold her support from any legally constituted provisional government guided by non-partisan interests and conducted for the general welfare. Russia is willing to apply herself to the task of removing dissensions, but if the painful consequences of which Bulgaria has already suffered too much. Russia hopes that the Bulgarian nation and her representatives will be able to appreciate these counsels and act accordingly."

What Alexander Says.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—Prince Alexander, in an interview, said he would have to remain quiet for three months, that he would simply keep his lips closed and await the course of events. Germany, Austria and Russia, he said, had forbidden him to execute the plotters against him, thus depriving him of the very essence of power, and abdication was the only honorable mode of escape from such a position.

BERLIN, Sept. 10.—The Minister of War has received from Prince Alexander a dispatch, asking that he be allowed to resume the duties of a German soldier.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—Prince Henry, of Battenberg, husband of Princess Beatrice, and brother of Prince Alexander, the late ruler of Bulgaria, has left Calmoral Castle for Darmstadt. He intends to bring Prince Alexander to Balmoral.

Austria and the Czar.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The *Neue Frie Presse*, of Vienna, complains of the Czar's breach of courtesy towards Austria. It says it is noteworthy that the Russian military manoeuvers are taking place at the precise corner of the Russian dominions which would be the principal theatre of war in the event of a Russian conflict with Austria.

Emperor Francis Joseph is at the same time reviewing an equal number of Austrian troops, the total being over 60,000 men, at the point which would naturally be chosen as the Austrian base of operations in the same event. "Thus, we see," says the *News Freie Presse*, "two rival camps and two rival courts almost within sight of each other."

Russia, Germany and Austria.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—A dispatch from Vienna says there are rumors in diplomatic circles at the Austrian capital that recent negotiations between the three empires have resulted favorably, and that there are now good prospects for an agreement shortly between Russia, Germany and Austria relative to common action in Bulgaria.

In regard to the immediate future, it says it is stated that Russia has yielded her plan of proceeding alone in Bulgaria, and intends now to treat the whole question on the basis of the treaty of Berlin, and submit it to the consideration of Europe.

Embraced by the Czar.

VIENNA, Sept. 14.—Prince William, son of the German crown prince, who went to Brest Litovsk, on a mission to the Czar from Emperor William at Strausburg, has accomplished his errand and departed. The Czar accompanied him to the depot and embraced him several times while bidding him farewell.

Not Ready for War.

SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 14.—Russian military admirers of Prince Alexander rejoice at his abdication, feeling convinced that otherwise he would have been murdered within a few weeks. Russia will advocate a make-shift conference at Constantinople, because she will not be prepared for war before spring.

Bulgarian Affairs.

SOFIA, Sept. 14.—The Sobranje has elected M. Givkoff president. It has also appointed committees to draft a reply to the address of the government, to devise and submit measures relative to the state of siege which the country is in, and for a settlement of Prince Alexander's property in the country. The state will purchase all this property for $400,000, retaining $200,000 of this sum to liquidate the prince's indebtedness to the national bank. The czar's budget calls for $10,000,000. The Porte has informed the Bulgarians that Turkey accepts Prince Alexander's abdication, and promises not to occupy Bulgaria so long as the country is quiet and law and order are preserved therein.

Continental Complications.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Great excitement has been caused at Chatham by the unexpected receipt of urgent orders from the admiralty to expedite the completion of men-of-war. Relays of workmen are to be employed day and night if necessary. This activity is regarded as indicating possible continental complications. The *Morning Post* Berlin correspondent says that Austria has formally notified Germany that Austria will oppose any attempt by Russia to encroach upon the liberty of the Balkans. A special envoy has started for Strassburg with important dispatches for Emperor William. Austrian newspapers, while deploring the possible necessity of war, agree that it must be cheerfully resorted to if it will prevent greater calamities in the future.

Panic in a Church.

VIENNA, Sept. 13.—During the celebration of early mass in the pilgrimage church in Radna, Transylvania, yesterday morning, a panic was caused by the accidental burning of the altar curtains, which were set on fire by the candles. People rushed from the building, trampling the weak under foot, and numbers of the occupants of the galleries leaped on the heads of the crowd below. Several hundred persons were injured, many of them seriously.

VIENNA, Sept. 14.—Later particulars from Rodna shows that 15 persons were crushed to death, and 30 were severely, and 100 slightly injured during the panic in the Pilgrimage church.

Revolutionists Surrounded.

NEW LAREDO, Sept. 10.—A courier has arrived from the front with a report that El Coyote's gang is surrounded by the three detachments of Col. Salegeria and Teran and Capt. Garcia Perez. One regiment of artillery and two regiments of infantry from the City of Mexico and two regiments of cavalry from San Luis Pacosi are expected to arrive in Saltillo within a few days for service on the frontier.

Foreign Flashes.

The excessively hot weather killed a number of soldiers during the Austrian manoeuvers,

The bishop of Ossory, in behalf of a number of American, English and Australian tourists, has sent a telegram to Prince Alexander, congratulating him upon his safe return.

The Greek brigands who went to Hamburg with the intention of taking passage there for America were prevented from landing, and have returned to Hull. The authorities at Hull have forbidden them to enter the town.

The London *News* thinks it would be expedient to adopt Parnell's bill, with some equitable modifications.

THE TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Music and Fun in the Tennessee Campaign.

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 14.—A novel scene was witnessed here last night. A. A. and Robert L. Taylor, the brother candidates for governor, were in this city on their way to appointments. Besides being fine debaters and eloquent stumpers, both gentlemen are accomplished musicians, the violin being their favorite instrument. Large numbers of the friends of each assembled at the hotel where the two brothers were stopping, and occupying the same room.

After a general interchange of friendly feeling all around, two violins were brought in and they were asked to give some music. Each took an instrument, and moving their chairs close together they began, and for a time delighted their hearers with some music as fine as was ever heard here. They would throw in occasionally the "Arkansas Traveler," "Rosin the Bow," and local melodies, which fairly set the crowd wild.

Two candidates for governor of a great state, brothers, too, at that, sitting together in a most friendly and brotherly manner playing the violin for the delectation of their friends, is a sight probably never before witnessed on the stump. The brothers preserve the same friendly relation, and nothing is said to jar the sensibility of either.

Bottled Beer Confiscated.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Sept. 13.—There is much feeling over the confiscation by Sheriff Corwin, at Bismarck Grove, where the Western National fair has been in progress the week past, of 3,600 bottles of beer, which had been seized the first of the week from parties who were selling it out in violation of the prohibitory law. Monday morning last great consternation was produced on the fair grounds by the appearance upon the counters of the largest stand on the ground of beer in large quantities being dealt out to immense crowds of visitors from Missouri and other states. Sheriff Corwin arrested the parties at the stand and stacked the entire stock on hand, over which he kept guard until late Saturday evening, when he set six men to work drawing the corks from the bottles and pouring out the liquid into a ravine which empties into the Kansas river and replacing the empty bottles into the boxes. Five hundred thirsty people witnessed the operation with great disfavor. This is the first case of a note of confiscation made in the state, and its legality is denied.

Civil Service Reform with a Vengeance.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—At the government printing office it is rumored that among other changes which the new public printer will make will be the discharge of D. F. Brian, chief foreman of printing, and the installation of Hugh Dalton, now a foreman on the New York *Daily News*, in his place. Brian is one of the most efficient men the government printing office has ever had. He once, by his promptness and good judgment in case of an emergency, saved Congress from the need of holding an extra session and thus prevented an expenditure of thousands of dollars, but he is to be suspended by Dalton at the request, it is said, of the President himself. Dalton was a successful manipulator of the typographical unions in New York state in 1884 in aid of Cleveland's canvass, and is said to have done something toward keeping them in line for the Democratic party. This is his main recommendation for the appointment, for it is doubtful if a better man than Brian could be found in a dozen states, and Dalton's appointment is to be made as a reward for political service—all in the line of civil service reform.

Secret Political Organization.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 14.—A secret organization, for the sole purpose of purifying the politics of Pittsburg and Allegheny City, has been formed here. The organization already includes over 700 of the staunchest and most influential business and professional men of the two cities, and it is the intention not to take active part in any political fight until the membership has reached 10,000.

The board of directors of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, by a unanimous vote, elected to honorary membership Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, now United States minister to Prussia. Only one such election can be made in any one year.

EATON AND OBERLY.

Eaton Too Much for the Bishop—Commissioner Oberly Should "Read Up" and Learn Something About the Workings of the Civil Service Commission.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—In a letter to the *Times*, ex-Civil Service Commissioner Dorman B. Eaton says:

In a former letter I promised to answer specifically all the charges which Commissioner Oberly has made in his letter in the *Times* of August, 18.

The first and principal charge is that partisan considerations prevailed in the matter of making a special rule approved July 22, 1884, in conducting examinations and in making general certifications thereunder of the position of special examiners for the pension office. * * * Now let us return to Mr. Oberly's main charge, concerning the certifications and appointments for pension examiners. The one peculiarity about them was this, that when the commission made the certifications for the appointment it found it necessary to certify the names of all the applicants on its registers, instead of only the four marked highest as the rules required in other cases. The appointing officer could, therefore, at his discretion, with which they could not interfere, select from the whole lists, instead of being compelled to take one from each set of four. In the facts which made the special rule, involving these general certificates necessary, is the complete answer to Commissioner Oberley's indictment. Let us understand these facts. As a member of Pres. Grant's commission, I helped to enforce a rule which provided for the certifications of only three names at once; and approving that rule I proposed the same provision for Pres. Arthur's rules. It was approved by the commission, but was disapproved by members of his cabinet. One of them, at least, favored general certifications in all cases; no one of them favored three only, and several, it is believed, favored many more than four names on a certificate. The commission regarded it as fortunate that only four, as a general rule, were, by a compromise, provided for in the rules. This rule of four was rigidly enforced in every case until July, 1884, save one exception, for an imperative reason was always made as to a few technical places, in the state department. On the 7th of that month, and the last day of its session, Congress adjourned, having suddenly passed that came day an unprecedented act creating 150 new offices to be filled, of which the occupants were to be called pension examiners, whose service was to be in the field, and whose duties, to be performed in full measure in the outset, were to be the investigation and reporting upon claims for pensions, each examiner acting independently for the locality of his assignment. It was plain, therefore, that matured judgment, as well as some experience in life, were qualifications far more important than in the clerical work of the before-existing class of pension examiners who served under the eye of the chief at Washington. The practice had been to assign these office examiners to the field after adequate experience should show practical capacity. Contrary to all precedent and to the law as to the other class of examiners, new exam